

FRIDAY, MAY 24, 1918

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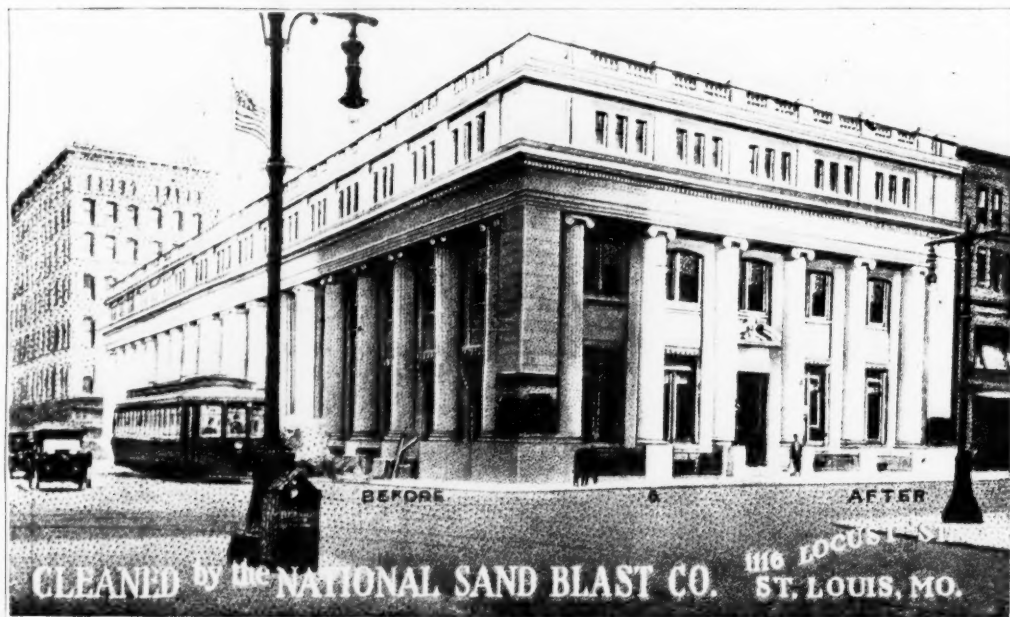
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Experiences of an American, twenty-eight months in the British army and at the front, with interesting side-lights on army conditions and regulations. Illustrated. Second edition.

♦♦♦

For The Pig

The following incident of food control in England is offered by a correspondent of the London *Spectator*: The owner of a pig wished to kill it and share it with his friends, but fearing he might come under the regulations against hoarding, he asked his local food committee to advise him on the point. Here is their answer: "Re killing pig—This is permissible if done in moderation."

♦♦♦

Canteen Barman (affably)—Looks like rain, don't it?

Private (sarcastically)—Yes, and tastes like it too.—*Cassell's Saturday Journal*.

♦♦♦

Criticism

Critic Butler Glaenger took down a presumptuous playwright recently at the Players' Club in Grammercy Park. "I've written a play on the social evil," the man said pompously. "Something on the order of Ibsen's 'Ghosts,' you know. Yes, Ibbey and I are pulling in the same boat now." "But not," smiled Mr.

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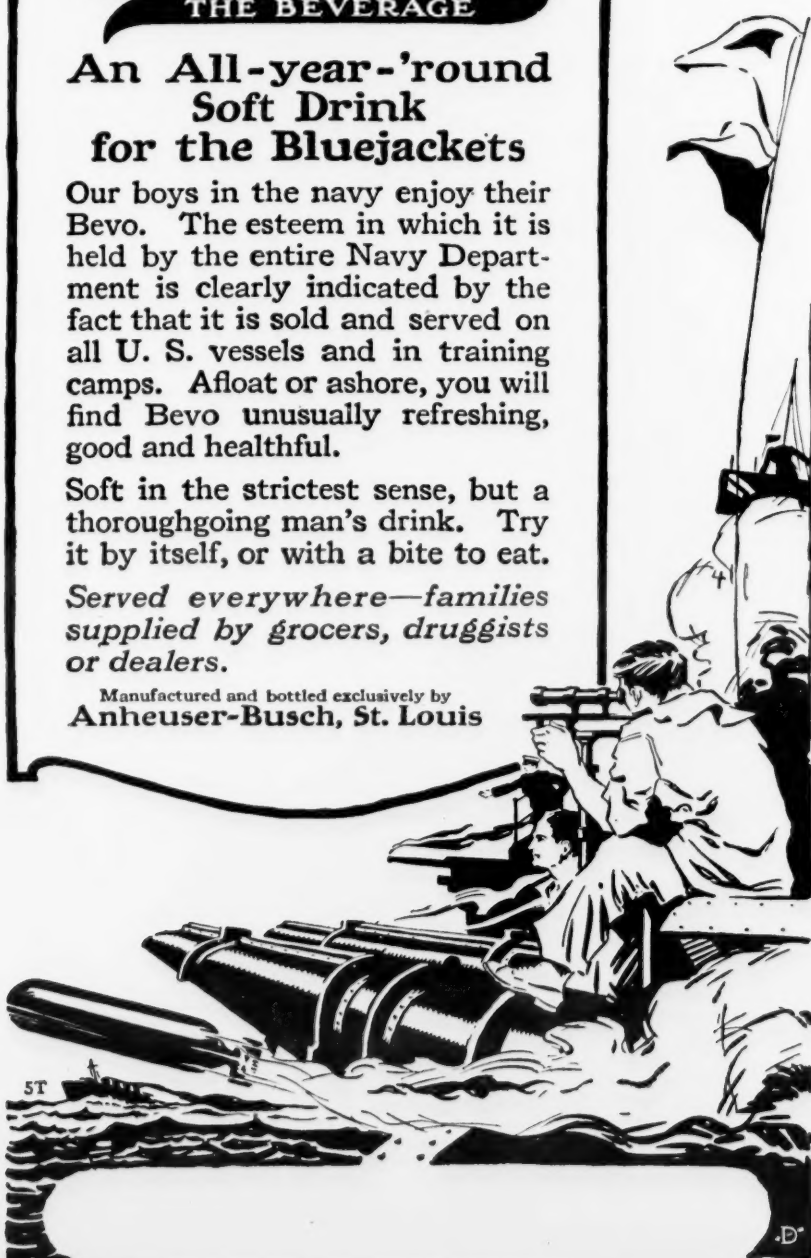
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REEDY'S MIRROR

Vol. XXVII. No. 21

ST. LOUIS, FRIDAY, MAY 24, 1918

PRICE TEN CENTS

REEDY'S MIRROR

SYNDICATE TRUST BUILDING.

Telephones: Bell, Main 2147; Kinloch, Central 746.

All business communications should be addressed "Business Manager," Reedy's Mirror.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A., as second-class matter.

Terms of subscription to Reedy's Mirror, including postage in the United States and Mexico, \$3.00 per year; \$1.60 for six months, in Canada, Central and South America, \$3.50 per year; \$2.10 for six months. Subscriptions to all foreign countries, \$4.00 per year.

Single copies, 10 cents.

Payments, which must be in advance, should be made by Check, Money Order or Registered Letter, payable to Reedy's Mirror, St. Louis.

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Imperial Doppelgängers Stalk

By William Marion Reedy

VERY salubrious is the atmosphere of the war news—from the horrendous front and from here. U-boats unfanged, troops and troops and multitudinous supplies going over without check, Teutonic assaults futilized, with the Americans in the midst of the rapture of the fight, a dying down of doubt and discontent about the production of ships for the green floor and the azure vault, because of the entrusting of their production to business men, not politicians, the taking off the brakes and the deracination of the roots of routine under the Overman law, the assuming of more men to service—as many men as the work may call for, to the limit of our man-power; these are the things that shine golden in the story of the war from day to day.

No more talk of a negotiated peace. That's done with in the President's phrase that we shall sacrifice no one to save ourselves, that we shall stand by Russia even as we shall stand by France, with force to the utmost. Germany shall not have what she has seized east or west. We shall not hearken to any overtures of peace, for we have seen in Finland, Courland, Ukrania, Roumania, what peace means with her. We have no policy but this—On with the war.

This is the only path to peace, our kind of peace, a victorious peace and we shall arrive. The Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs know it. Their Doppelgängers confront them.

Meanwhile—have you come across for the Red Cross with all you can afford and a little more? If not, do so. 'Twill hasten the end and soothe the pain of the end's achievement.

♦♦♦♦

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

For Decoration Day

BEFORE the next issue of this paper shall appear Decoration Day will have passed. We have graves from this war to decorate this year—graves here and in France, and tossing graves at sea to remember. It will be well to scatter flowers for those whose lives were given for world freedom. But better before this week's ending to perform an act of commemoration in giving to the Red Cross. Mercy and help for the living are the best service we can render those dead.

♦♦

Sweep 'Em In

A MILLION men of those who have reached the age of 21 since the draft are to be registered for the army. Meaning that we are prepared to put all our force if and when necessary into the fight against the enemy. But why not sweep all the men in the graded fit classifications of the first draft into the army? Many of them, uncertain when they may be called, cannot on that account go on with their affairs. Many of them subject to call cannot obtain employment. Putting them in the army would end their suspense. It would increase the army and would not decrease industrial power.

♦♦

A Razoo of R. R. Presidents

ALL presidents of railroads will be removed as presidents and most of them appointed as directors of the properties over which they now preside. They will therefore serve as officers of the government, not as employees of their directorates. The government will pay them, but not, generally speaking, so

much as the companies have paid them. And if they don't obey orders, out they will go. They will have to work for results for the system as a whole, rather than solely for the interests of their individual roads. This, some of them have been unable to do thus far. Hence this new order by the Railroad Director in Chief. It plays hob with custom, tradition, prejudice. It is revolutionary. But it is the short cut to the one result desired—getting the goods to the place they are needed in the shortest possible time. A lot of pride may be thus brought low, but we must win the war. And at that it is not probable that any good man at the job will be eliminated.

♦♦

Sinn Fein's Fanatic Folly

THOSE Sinn Fein Irish are all right so long as they are agitating for a political reform, even though it be, in the present condition of the world, an impossible one. But they are all wrong when they are fighting for Germany. They insult United States intelligence when they say, as does De Valera, they are not enemies of this country—only Irish who are logic-mad and devoid of the Irish sense of humor—in which lack no one can surpass some of the Irish—could put forth such a plea. The United States and an overwhelming majority of United States Irishry are opposed to all enemies of the United States. We may believe that the British have been both blundering and criminal in their dawdling with home rule, but the Sinn Fein are not home rulers; they are irresponsible impossibilists, many of whom have been better treated than they deserved. They are harming Ireland much, helping Ireland not at all. No one nor all of their wrongs can justify their helping Germany, for whatever grievances they may have against England, there is no question of the friendship of France and the United States for Ireland; and if Ireland cares for liberty how can she aid the Powers that have crushed Belgium, Serbia and Poland? There wouldn't be even a Sinn Fein movement but for the United States. United States money for years paid the way of Irish Nationalists in parliament. United States dollars softened Irish poverty and United States sentiment strengthened the Irish cause in British politics. And now Ireland fights on the side of our enemy. Wasn't it Bernard Shaw who said that the Irish have "a genius for treachery?" It is the end of Irish political hopes, if United States public opinion shall wash its hands of Ireland, for the greater Ireland is here. This country has fought and is fighting for Ireland as for other small nationalities, and it does not relish the action of those Irish elements that mock this country's efforts and attempt by revolution to aid the cause of our enemy—Germany. The pro-German Irish are costing Ireland all that unhappy country's best friends. The most charitable interpretation of the conduct of Sinn Fein is that it is the conduct of madmen. The United States is for Ireland but not for Sinn Fein, just as it is for Russia but not for the lunatic element in Bolshevism. The Sinn Fein are pro-German and as such we cannot wish otherwise than that they be destroyed. Sympathy with their criminal folly would be fatal to our own cause. They are fighting us. They are fighting the freedom of the world. And the freedom of the world is more important than an impossible freedom of Ireland—impossible not alone because of strategic reasons, as the world is militarily situated and conditioned to-day, but because of the irreconcilable divisions in Ireland itself. There's no forwarding of the cause of democracy in a movement replete with potentialities of a St. Bartholomew's Day or a Sicilian Vespers enacted

in behalf of the power that has made shambles of Belgium and Serbia. And yet the United States will continue to hope that England will do something for the sane Ireland, north and south. The fantastic fanaticism of the madmen cannot justify a continuance of British blundering on the Irish question. A little sauce from the Sinn Fein goose for the Orange gander! No favoritism as between rebels. Treat all Irish friends of Germany alike—Carson like Casement. Here is the clue to a settlement of the Irish question. A strong government and a sensible one can do the work, but it isn't a strong government that can be bluffed by Ulster for nearly four years. *And we won't go back on Sinn Fein until the British government proves they are accomplices of Germany.*



French Canada Comes In

GOOD news it is that comes from the province of Quebec to the effect that many of the French-Canadian priests and publications are advising their people not to resist conscription. It seems that after the first clashes between the *habitants* and the drafting officers the government decided to go a little slow; then came the news of the big German drive in later March and throughout April, with some days of gloomy prospect of its success, which very decidedly diminished the antagonism of the French recalcitrants as they saw France in imminent, deadly peril. Reports from the disaffected province are now rather assuring—and one judges that there wasn't so much opposition to the draft among the masses as there was among some few leaders who would not at the crisis take the consequences of making good their words in actions. The *Christian Science Monitor* on this last point cites the statement of the well-known Montreal paper, *La Patrie*, that if at the beginning of the war the federal authorities had taken the means to suppress those who preached sedition and sowed the seeds of hatred to England, there would have been no friction between the two elements of the population. We are told that a sermon by the parish priest of Terrebonne, in which he advised his flock to submit to the military law and go to the support of England and France has been widely quoted in the press of the Dominion, while simultaneously, plenteous publicity has been given to the address of Sir Horace Archambault to the students of the Roman Catholic Laval University at Quebec. Sir Horace announced that the faculty would regard certain oral examinations as having been passed, in order that the students might follow their comrades to the front. He knew that a number of them were anxious to get away, and, reminding them that the eyes of the world were on French Canada, he ventured the prophecy that the Province would have no reason to blush on account of the young men before him. The students cheered for the king as they marched off to the barracks. Similar scenes have occurred after like exhortations, at other educational institutions in the French province. The *Monitor* reminds us that the French-Canadians have usually shown an ingrained respect for the law and authority. Their last great discontent was at the time of the Louis Riel rebellion, and it was said by many that Riel was not hanged but would come again, like many national mythical heroes, to save his country from those who slew him, but the religious and racial fervor incited by conscription has not proved so lasting as it was dreaded it might be. There has been little to show that German influence at the Vatican was moving the French-Canadians on the theory that the France of to-day, England and Italy are under Masonic and atheistic control and bent on the destruction of the Catholic church—though Italy's demand in the secret treaties discovered at the Smolny Institute, that the Pope be not accepted as a peace mediator would substantiate some of the superstition. French-Canadian nationalist propaganda has ceased. There's no talk of secession by Quebec. The *Canadiens* have submitted to the majority vote for conscription. Democracy has made headway against ancient prejudice. It is just as well, by the way, to remember that all French-Canadians never did refuse to fight the Ger-

mans. Many of them volunteered at the outbreak of the war, and one military unit, the Twenty-second French-Canadian Battalion, long since "won for itself an excellent reputation on the western front." It is of interest to note here, too, that the *Christian Science Monitor* publishes these facts as to the situation in Quebec after having been resoundingly denounced in the Canadian parliament for some former alleged animadversions upon Roman Catholic loyalty in the Dominion. If the Kaiser counted on much help from the *habitants* he reckoned wrong as he did with regard to revolt in both Ireland and India. By and large, "perfidious Albion" is justified by the manner in which the people she is said to have so abominably abused have come to her aid in the time of her supreme peril. Her works do follow her, to her great moral glory.



A Labor Daily Paper

HERE is an interesting item of news that has not been made much of in the great dailies. Organized labor of Seattle has established a daily afternoon paper. The *Daily Union Record*, consisting of eight pages, starts with a circulation of 40,000, or about 90 per cent of the union membership of Seattle. The *Union Record* is supplied with the United Press telegraph service. The publishers own a printing plant free of debt, with three linotypes and a fast web press. After the contemplated \$300,000 labor temple has been erected the *Union Record* will be housed free. It is published by the Central Labor Council and edited by Mr. Harry Ault. We have had and may still have two or three socialist dailies, but organized labor is not necessarily socialistic—not if Samuel Gompers knows it, and he thinks he does. There are many papers strongly pro-labor, in San Francisco, Kansas City and elsewhere, but none out-and-out laborite. They are generally more Democratic than anything. Labor papers may multiply now that this country realizes the power that is exerted by the labor party in Great Britain, where the labor programme of large ventures in housing, free trade, open diplomacy, single tax somewhat modified, collective bargaining, even, the capital levy, is being ingested by the politicians of both the old parties to such an extent that it would be hard to say which is more laborite—the Conservative or the Liberal party. A few daily papers hammering on the ideas and ideals of the British labor party will have a strong influence. The American Federation of Labor is not definitely committed to the British labor programme, but that is because the federation fights shy of a certain taint of pacifism or defeatism disguised as internationalism in the British labor pronunciamento,—because of the anti-national socialism lurking in it. But for that, as Sam Gompers has made clear, the British plan would be worth accepting with some modifications, but not as a *camouflaged* German peace offensive, not as something like crazy Bolshevism. The Federation of Labor is taking the situation pragmatically, collecting what's coming to it in concessions for its services in the war, and gathering strength. What service? may be asked. Well; suppose the Federation had opposed conscription! When stronger, the labor unions may be transformed into a political party. They can then take up the programme of social reconstruction after the war along the same lines as those taken in Great Britain. Probably they will. Meanwhile laborite daily papers will be useful. But can laborite dailies succeed? Surely they can, wherever they can get such a circulation proportionate to population as this new paper has in Seattle. Papers that have circulation will get advertising and their views won't hurt them in the least—provided they are not views in favor of murder and free and unlimited fornication or such things. Radical papers don't fail because big business crushes them, but because the radicals and others don't read them. The Seattle daily will succeed, if it has the readers, but it won't have or at least hold the readers if it hasn't the news and doesn't present it fairly and attractively. To do this will cost a mint of money, even in Seattle. But the day of Labor,—capital L please!—in politics is coming and it will have its daily press, as it already has its

successful monthly and weekly periodicals, though the daily press cannot, in the nature of things, be as high-browed as the Fabian *New Republic* or as a *Loutrance* as the brilliant Max Eastman's *Liberator*, advertised elsewhere in this issue. Labor—in which I include female suffrage—is coming out of this war stronger than any other element—stronger than finance, the *bourgeoisie*, the military, the church, political partisanship—but it will need an able press to keep it strong—by keeping it true. So here's luck and long life to the Seattle *Daily Union Record*, so long as it keeps the faith.



That Railroad Wage Increase

PROTESTS have been filed with Secretary of the Treasury and Director of Railroads McAdoo against some of the recommendations in the report of the Railroad Wage Commission, especially against one that the wage increases of 1916 and 1917 be deducted from increases presently recommended. If some of those deductions were enforced, it is said, some of the railroad employees would find their pay reduced and themselves owing money to the railroads. Mr. Fred W. Lehmann, counsel of the commission, says that the wages were considered on the basis of the relation of those wages to the increased cost of living due to the war, and selected December, 1915, as the time when the advance in cost of living was first beginning to be felt. So calculating, the commission recommended an advance of \$300,000,000 as compared with pay in 1917 and of \$500,000,000 as compared with the 1915 pay roll. If some of the 1916 and 1917 increases do annul present recommended increases the cases are very few. Not many employees received increases in those years that will aggregate more than this year's recommended increase. "It is specifically provided," says Mr. Lehmann, "that in no case, whatever the increases or recommendations be, shall salaries of \$250 a month or less be reduced, but where increases granted in the last two years aggregate the sum of the commission's recommendations, that wage shall remain stationary for the time being. The railroads have granted since 1915 about 50 per cent of the recommended increases. This, of course, was done to offset conditions created by the war, and the wage commission attempts to extend this relief." The commission pointed out inequalities of pay in the same branches of the service, not only in different sections of the country but in the same section, and suggested the removal thereof when not justified by differences in the efficiency of the labor, the cost of living or other conditions legitimately affecting the rate of wages. It said definitely: "In every case where the same service is rendered there should be the same pay without regard to sex or race. Members of organizations and non-members must stand upon the same footing." And permanent wage tribunals are recommended, to investigate and adjust cases that could not be reached by the commission.

It is hard to see wherein there is much ground for protest against the report, and one is inclined to believe that most criticism of it comes from the better paid men at the top. It is doubtful that many people know the conditions the wage commission's report disclosed. The railroads were run on what looks more like a Chinese wage scale than an American pay roll. The wonder is not that there was some discontent, but that there was not a general strike. Read this finding: "The greatest number of employees on all the roads fall into the class receiving between \$60 and \$65 a month—181,693, while within the range of the next \$10 in monthly salary there is a total of 312,761 persons. In December, 1917, there were 111,477 clerks receiving annual pay of \$900 or less. In 1917 the average pay of this class was but \$56.77 per month; there were 270,855 section hands whose average pay as a class was \$50.31 per month; 121,000 other unskilled laborers whose average pay was \$58.25 per month; 130,075 station service employees whose average pay was \$58.57 a month; 75,325 road freight brakemen and flagmen whose average pay was \$100.17 per month; and 16,465 road passenger brakemen whose average pay was \$91.10 per month. These, it is to be noted,

are not pre-war figures; they represent conditions after a year of war and two years of rising prices. And each dollar now represents in its power to purchase a place in which to live, food to eat and clothing to wear, but 71 cents as against the 100 cents of January, 1916." No wonder the report of the commission calls attention to the loyalty of the workers and says that it calls for public recognition. It is a kind of patriotism many eloquent shouters have not shown—some of them who are saying that the \$300,000,000 wage raise is creating a war chest for the American Bolshevik.

Maybe the secret of the criticism of this report is to be found in a recommendation of a readjustment of the salaries between \$5,000 and \$100,000 a year and the elimination of many of them. One-tenth of the increase is now paid by the roads to such salaried officials. They are strong enough to make a mighty show of dissatisfaction with the commission's report on other grounds than their own grievance. The report must not be condemned for a few slight, apparent, remediable injustices when its great good is considered. It is necessary to justice to know that more than a million railroad workers received less than \$900 a year in 1917, while 818,000 of them received less than \$720 per year, and this, be it remembered, when it has been calculated that a minimum of \$1,400 per year is required decently to support a family of five. Less than 3 per cent of the employees are included in the list of those paid between \$150 and \$250 per month. Surely in the light of such facts the 43 per cent increase of \$300,000,000 per year is abundantly justified, even though it necessitate a 25 per cent increase in freight rates such as is now being talked of. Mr. Lehmann's statement that the complaint of decrease in salaries is confined to a very few cases and those easily rectified is convincing. The report signed by Secretary of the Interior Lane, Interstate Commerce Commissioner McChord, Justice Covington of the District of Columbia supreme court, and William R. Wilcox, former chairman of the Republican National Committee, is a clear demonstration of the patriotism of the workers and an effort to express in justice the gratitude of the republic. It must not be discredited by the indirections of some of the men higher up in railroad finance in an attempt to ward off seemingly inevitable government ownership.

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How About Potatoes?

WHAT about this potato situation? During the past year most of us were going light on the tubers because we were told they were not plentiful, and we had to hold off that the armies might be supplied. There were times we paid \$1 a peck for them, sometimes more. Now we are told that there remain millions of bushels that have to be eaten before June if the great supply is not to be wasted. We will thus release wheat for overseas, and then if potato producers lose on last year's crop it will discourage farmers from planting them again. We ate less potatoes and paid more for them. Now we must buy more and eat more. Surely it had been wise to keep down the price last year and let us eat more. We have not benefited, neither has the farmer, in view of the surplus. We were held off potatoes and let go as to wheat, much needed abroad, only to find that there are millions of bushels of potatoes left to spoil on the farmer's hands. It doesn't look as if the government has handled the potato situation with gumption. Yes, and there are hotels where they are charging 20 cents a piece for potatoes, while farmers are unloading potatoes in town for less than the cost of digging. This is in the north.

Down in Florida things are as bad or worse. The farmers were told to raise crops and they did—acres upon acres of potatoes, cabbages and beans. Then for the market. First there were no cars. Then there were no barrels. One grower had a contract to supply the government with fifteen acres of potatoes in April at \$6 per barrel for No. 1 and \$5 for No. 2. Barrels could not be had at 75 cents, double the normal price, or at any price. The grower lost the contract. The potatoes are still in the

field. To dig them would mean more loss. Then there's the Florida East Coast Railroad. Don't mention it to the Floridan; he may explode right there. Beans by express to Philadelphia ordinarily going in three or four days took nine days to arrive. Produce formerly making the trip in car load lots in four or five days, takes now fifteen to twenty days. And for this, the farmer, urged by his government, planted crops spoiling on his hands. There are 16,000 acres of potatoes at Hastings, 2,500 acres at Okeechobee, with 3,000 of cabbage, Moorehaven has 2,500 of potatoes and 3,000 of cabbage, Kissimmee 1,000 of potatoes, Vero 600 of potatoes, 300 of cabbage. These products cannot be shipped. During the car shortage little or nothing was received for what was shipped, now it would be waste of labor and money to ship to glutted markets. The farmers feel as if they have been working for Berlin rather than for Washington, especially when there are 60 cents return on crates of cabbages, 900 pounds, two-thirds of a cent a pound, and the crates cost 30 cents each. It is maddening to raise crops, at government urging, for which there is no market. With no money from his crop, how is the farmer to buy seed and fertilizer for the next one?

What's the outlook? Why, this crop will rot. There will be less planting for the next crop. There will be a famine again and more high prices. Florida potato and cabbage producers are trying to get the government to take their crops, before they spoil, for the cantonments, but the answer is that there are more potatoes and cabbages than can be handled. The government induced the farmers to plant, but made no provision to enable them to dispose of their product. They are busted by their government and there is no relief, except admonitions and adjurations to the public to eat potatoes, which the farmer has no way of getting to those who may want to eat them. No wonder young farmers in Florida prefer to go to Jacksonville to work in the shipyards at 76 cents an hour, instead of staying on the farm and working for nothing. Ah, but they are guaranteed \$3 per bushel for their castor beans. Yes, and at present labor costs the farmer will barely break even at that price. And the farmers up in Wisconsin and Iowa are feeding potatoes to the hogs while at the hotels baked spuds sell at 20 cents each. We're told that farmers are holding back their crops for big prices, but here are farmers who can't unload. Tenant farmers most of them. They can't hold their crops. They must get them to market as soon as harvested to get money to pay up to the money lenders. And they cannot get cars to carry their product when they have dug it. And the storage men control the situation in the cities, while the commission men play their own little game as of old.

What's the government going to do about it? We are all eating potatoes like people possessed and doing our best. But the farmer sees no relief in sight. He sees rotting in his fields potatoes that the people were asked a short time ago not to eat. The farmer can't get his crop to market when there are prices. When he can there is no price. The situation as to potatoes has been, governmentally, badly managed: in fact it has not been managed at all.

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If Cornell's trustees, in response to the request of the alumni of '73, withdraw the honorary degree given to David Starr Jordan—one of the very few ever bestowed by that university, the others being to Andrew D. White and Goldwin Smith—they will more dishonor Cornell than Mr. Jordan. Jordan is pro-American through and through. Even though he sees war as unreasoning and unprofitable, he does not oppose our war.

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Gotten Together

Is this country a united country just now? William H. Taft and Frank P. Walsh travel together as labor arbitrators. Charles E. Hughes is called by the President to investigate the aircraft charges. William R. Wilcox, former chairman of the Republican National Committee, sits on the Wage Commission. Elihu Root led the mission to Russia. Charles M. Schwab, Edward R. Stettinius, John D.

Ryan, Republicans all, are directing huge war industries for the government. Eugene V. Debs is out for an American socialism that will smash German monarchical socialism by supporting the war. Clarence V. Darrow is making speeches in favor of war to a finish.

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Old man Hindenburg sees the finish. He demands that the German navy go out and fight, else the land drives cannot succeed. The trouble is the navy can not come out and win, while the u-boats are bottled up too. Sea-power is still supreme.

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A Local Election Fraud

IN the last local election James P. Newell was robbed in the count of votes for Public Administrator, and the place went to Frank P. Slater. Newell has been kept out of the office fairly won for two years, because of an absurd fetish regard for secrecy of the ballot. The count finally shows a brazen fraud in the interest of a Republican. Someone should go to the penitentiary for this crime and the public should honor Mr. Newell for prosecuting his claim in the face of much discouragement and many obstructions. It is good to know, finally, that the St. Louis public did not, as at first appeared, defeat for re-election a man who had been a conspicuously good official.

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Save Forest Park

THERE is no real question that if the city permits a company to dig out the fire clay underlying beautiful Forest Park, the excavation will in time cause cave-ins throughout the undermined area. The evidence of this is hideously conspicuous in the region south of the park, that has been worked for its clay deposit. After the clay is taken out supports of the roof surface are neglected and the result is sinks and gullies brown and bare. No matter what a corporation may offer for mining rights under the park, the sum total would not compensate for the inevitable ruin of the lovely landscape. Let the clay miners ensue their fire clay under the properties in private ownership nearby. It is splendid news that the aldermen, influenced by public protest, are going to annul this grant of special privilege in the public domain.

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A Billion for the Railroads

ONE billion dollars, almost, the securities department of government says the railroads must have in order to be able to carry on; and this is not all they need, for six years ago, James J. Hill said they needed at least five billion dollars to make themselves adequately operable. If Mr. Hill had maintained the government should furnish the money he would have been deemed crazy. But now the government must guarantee the money, simply because there is no other existent credit upon which to secure the sum required. The roads had to be "scrambled" to make the grant of credit possible, and now we see that they will never be thoroughly "unscrambled." The government that has taken the properties for service in war will retain them for service in time of peace, and judging by savings and general results, the service in future will be better than in the past. Remains yet to do something for the short lines not taken over by government and not participant in benefit of rates latterly advanced. A way will be found to enable them, too, to carry on, and this can hardly be done otherwise than by taking them under the wing of national government. Public ownership can no longer be said to be coming; it is here, to all intents and purposes. It is a great good, but the public will have to watch it, lest it develop great evils.

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The Waukesha Murder Case

WE are never without our fascinating murder case. Just now it's the case against Grace Lusk for killing the wife of her lover, Dr. David Roberts, at Waukesha, Wis. Everybody in the case shows up better, than Dr. Roberts. He says Miss Lusk made love to him and he couldn't help yielding to her. Miss Lusk says that he made love to her and impliedly or

definitely promised to get rid of his wife and marry her. The evidence is that Mrs. Roberts found out about the *liaison*, upbraided Miss Lusk in short and ugly descriptive words, maddened her until the mistress called at her house and shot her. Dr. Roberts has to stand up for his wife's memory, and go back on Miss Lusk whom he promised to stand by, immediately after the murder. A fine situation to moralize about sloppily, but why slop-over? Miss Lusk was no innocent, but a more than ordinarily intelligent woman. She must have known what she was up against. She should have known that the man who would disparage his wife in order to win another woman, would not be game enough to stick in the pinch of scandal to the second woman. It is clear that her selfish passion moved her even more than her lover's representations, that she read more into his attitude than was really there. It is plain that she was not in the least thoughtful of Mrs. Roberts' rights and feelings in the circumstances; that her love did not, as love should, make her tender and considerate of another's sufferings. She demanded the sacrifice of another to that "love" and when her lover refused to make it, she slew a woman whom she had already wronged. The case of Miss Lusk is like that of too many other self-supposed free spirits. She wanted to have her cake and eat it too. She wanted to set aside the law and have the benefit of its sanction at the same time. She wanted to dance without paying the piper—a thing none of the great heroines of passion dreamed of; not Helen, nor Guinevere, nor Francesca, nor any of those who were all for love and the world well lost. She wasn't even an Ibsen woman. She had no stomach for the bitter medicine of love without the law. She was above the law she could not change but feared the consequences, purely social, that she invited. She wanted position, but would not conform in order to secure it. All of this, in a woman of mind better than ordinary, not a simple, unsophisticated, ignorant maiden. Miss Lusk is not entitled to as much sympathy as some would give her; but she is entitled to some sympathy as is everyone who is caught in the toils of passion in which devilish and divine are so intermixed as to confuse conscience and unseat judgment. Her paramour is no better. He wanted to eat two cakes and have them too. He wanted to break the law and avoid the consequences. He wouldn't pay after calling the tune. He was afraid to be on the level with either woman and cared more for his position than for either or for both, and now he isn't capable of admitting that he was a fool. He was and is a poor stick, not worth what he cost either of the women he played with. I am not considering this as a case of "sin" at all, nor even as a case of morality. All I say is that people of adult mind, male or female, who flout the conventions should be game sports and stand the gaff when the organized conventions strike back. I'm prepared to love "sinners" if they aren't "squealers" when they are caught between the upper and the nether millstones of their own "higher law" and the plain old law that is for everybody but exacts penalties from those who expect its benefits. A lady told me once that she did not know how to act in a taxi at night and I told her there was but one rule of conduct therefor: Don't holler, no matter what happens. There would be fewer "love" tragedies like the one unfolded at Waukesha if people who kick over the social law wouldn't "holler" when they hurt their toes. The worst thing about these folks who set up special dispensations for themselves is that in the collapse they hurt others even more than themselves; in this case Mrs. Roberts. As to that, well, it's a mystery like that of the men upon whom that tower in Siloam fell.

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What of Gen. Wood?

WHAT'S the truth about the whispered mystery over General Leonard Wood? One insinuated "slant" of it is that General Wood is another General Maurice. Another insinuation is that he is a Colonel Dreyfus yet to be vindicated. What has he done or not done that makes him a dubious personality?

We know he's a friend of Col. Roosevelt, but that's neither high crime nor misdemeanor. What's back of, for instance, *Life's* inclusion of "Yesterday General Wood took luncheon at the White House" as among news "too good to be true?"

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A Thought for Action

IF only we could preserve the organizations for war work and their spirit and keep them as active in the quieter but no less pious patriotism of peace, drawn and held together as they are now, what a country we should be, what a democracy we should have within a score of years! Can't we do it? Is there not some way to concentrate and co-ordinate this power for the task of social reconstruction? It is worth trying for. Why not a national commission to direct all this force permanently to the ends of the larger civics?

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GERVAIS RAOUX LUFEBURY! The choosers of the nobly slain have taken him, with all the other aces trumped by Death. And every man who gives his all for his country is an ace.

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BUT one thing is certain thus far about our forthcoming Missouri election for United States senator, and that is that vast numbers of Missourians who admire and like an able, gallant, honorable and most attractive man are sorry they shall have no opportunity to cast a ballot for Harry Bartow Hawes for that position.

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WHY not have the Bar Association choose the judicial candidates for St. Louis without regard to political affiliations? What has politics to do with the judiciary? Justice is neither Republican nor Democratic. There never was a more fitting time to try for a non-political circuit bench.

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For Woman Suffrage

WOMEN in France are beginning to agitate for the ballot. Which reminds me that unless the Democrats in control of the senate put over the woman suffrage amendment, the Republicans will make valuable capital of failure to do so in the next national election. Likewise I should like to see Senator James A. Reed of Missouri get over on the democratic side of this issue and some others. He is too frequent lately in the attitude of aloofness in solitary grandeur, which suggests a reminder to him that democracy is inclusive and not exclusive. It wouldn't hurt him in the least to be one unit in the vast majority with Woodrow Wilson.

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Prohibition by Threat

THE dries are bound to fix prohibition upon us by hook or crook,—preferably by crook, under excuse of war necessity. Just now they want to cook up legislation to deprive the makers of beer and wines of the materials for such manufacture. They propose a law for speeding up food production, but they would appropriate money to that end only if the President issues a proclamation forbidding the use of certain materials used in wine or liquor making. If that could be put through we should have prohibition without any direct legislation on the matter. There is pending a prohibition amendment to the constitution. That will not be necessary, if the present scheme can be pulled off. The scheme is dishonest. Its promoters don't care for stimulating food production or conserving food materials. All they want is prohibition. If they cannot get that they won't vote an appropriation to carry out the law for increasing food production and conserving it. They will let all other waste go on unhindered and they will not worry over slacker acres, if they can't close up the wineries and the breweries and the establishments manufacturing soft drinks or those in which the alcohol is of exceedingly low visibility. They threaten the President with defeat on an important part of his work if he will not do their will. This they tried on the President before, but it failed. As the President is a Democrat and no fanatic, it will probably fail again. If we are to have prohibition let it come as legislation in orderly

procedure, voted for what it is and not as some thing else. It should not come by a process like unto holding a blunderbus at the head of the chief executive, with threat to obstruct and wreck a great work if he does not put in effect a regulation of narrow conception but widely destructive scope solely to impose upon the majority of the people the puritanic ideas of a tyrannically intolerant few. The amount of grain, fruits and other food materials that would be saved by the proclamation which the dries are trying to extort from the President would be small. The food department of the government calls for no such proclamation. No one wants it but a few cranks. The President should sit down on them hard.

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Spectrics Unmasked

SOME years ago the literary world was excited by some poems of a new spectric "school" published by Emanuel Morgan and Ann Nish. The poems were a parody on imagism and other isms as species of the genus free verse. The only difficulty about them was that they passed too often out of parody and burlesque into good poetry of original significance. Written with tongue in cheek they defeated the writers' intent and were true and often subtle imagism. Now we are told that they were the work of Witter Bynner and Arthur Davison Ficke, and, in a second crop, Marjorie Allen Seiffert, whose "Portrait of a Woman in Bed" readers of the MIRROR will recall as startlingly unique. The disclosure would be a good joke on the public were it not for the fact that the burlesque poetry is more successful than the authors' serious work. To make matters worse, Emanuel Morgan continues to write after being exposed as somebody else—talk about a Frankenstein monster! Here's one of his latest:

FEAR

He who is unafraid of death
Need fear no man.
But the thought of being unbeloved of you
Is panic...

Just as my friend would rather face ten Germans
Than one June-bug...

And I have no screen.

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The Symphony

SHALL our St. Louis Symphony die? Cincinnati has chosen Eugen Ysaye for director of hers, and Detroit has elected Ossip Gabrilovitch for hers. A symphony society with a famous director is a good "ad" for a city,—worth all it costs in even Liberty Bond, Red Cross, Y. M. C. A. and other "drive" days. Surely St. Louis is not going to be a quitter on music. We must not let lapse the work of Max Zach and his orchestra or undervalue it because we are familiar with it. There are many things St. Louis can better do without than the Symphony orchestra.

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Why St. Louis Gets Left

ST. LOUIS plays in no luck at all with the administration at Washington. Missouri didn't get a cantonment. Her senators were "in bad," some of her representatives too. St. Louis hasn't been able to get through the deep waterway project. It is said the railroad interests are still strong enough to block the proposal. They don't want any deep water nor any barges or boats on water not so deep. St. Louis hasn't been able to get an ordnance plant. St. Louis has had a handicap in a popular misconception of its loyalty. We are made conscious of this nearly every time a speaker from outside the city delivers an address here upon the war. The charge is absurd. St. Louis has held its end up, and more, in every form of contribution to the war. But for some reason or another St. Louis gets nothing of profit. Yet we are always reading of this, that or the other movement here to get this, that or the other thing from Washington. It makes a big show in the papers. There may be a banquet or two. Then silence. Always the same old story. The city is always jolly along. Why this is who can tell? Can it be that St. Louis is not represented at Washington in a way to command respect or at-

tention? Not that St. Louis any more than any other city wants snaps from the government. Simply the city doesn't get what's coming to it as a large community. Other cities and regions are better treated. They seem to know better how to compel such treatment. Here, as an authority tells us, the people haven't the sense to get together. A number of small factories were assured of a million dollar contract if they would get together and bid on it and then divide the work among them. They wouldn't even contribute \$25 each to the expense of the man who had the contract in hand. St. Louis didn't think of going after war contracts systematically until the war was more than two years old and it hasn't done much of anything in that line since, compared with other cities. Our delegations blow out to Washington noisily and then they slink back empty-handed. Perhaps there is an explanation of this. What is it?

♦♦♦♦

The Lost Songs

By G. H.

AS I lay out the other night
Upon the mountain high,
All the lost songs of the world
Came throbbing through the sky.

Some schoolboy of the Angel-folk
At play by Heaven-town,
Had found the ancient well of Time
And dropped a bucket down.

He dropped it down, he pulled it up,
A singing water filled it;
He caught the rim against the moon
And o'er the Earth he spilled it.

Now Time's old well is wide and deep,
And in it there are drowned
All the dumb songs men could not sing
Because their tongues were bound;

Strong impulses of melody
That never found their birth,
But helped to mould immortal clay
Out of the common earth.

Now in full voice, unfettered joy,
Among the stars they tumbled;
They fell in spray from cloud to cloud,
All singing things they humbled.

O piercing sweetness, silvery din,
Ten thousand mingling notes:
The nightingales of all the world
Had lent the stars their throats!

O Love, when Time is dead, we'll stand
In Heaven's transparent weather,
And all the lost songs of the world
We'll sing again together.

From *The London Nation*.

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The Reminder

By Margretta Scott

MAGGIE put Jimmie to bed and came down to the front parlor to wait for David. There was cheap red plush on the sofa where Maggie sat, and there was a cheap red rose in Maggie's hair. Maggie and the parlor reflected each other. They were both colorful and loud and over ornamented, and they were both effective in their way.

Dimly in her mind Maggie was trying to puzzle things out. She felt sure that David would ask her to marry him if it were not for Jimmy. She had noticed that when the child came into the room David's whole manner changed.

Men were curious hard with women, Maggie thought, especially if they loved them. Women

loved men sometimes just because they were good-for-nothing and trifling and gay. That was why she had loved Jimmie's father, and she had gotten into trouble because she was weak, and he was a devil.

Maggie heard the gate close and involuntarily gave a pat to the red rose in her hair. The front door was open, and David walked into the parlor. He made the room seem small and stuffy. They shook hands limply.

"Was you busy to-day, David?"

"I was sowing wheat all day—pretty busy."

"Ain't you tired to-night?"

David laughed.

"Of course not. I ain't a girl."

"You're so big and strong, David, that you take my breath away."

"And you take my breath away, too, but from a different reason."

"Why, David?" She smiled up at him.

"You're so pretty. I think of your face all day when I'm workin'."

"Do you, David?"

"Yes."

"I'm glad I wore my new dress for you. Do you like it?"

"It looks fine, and your cheeks are as red as that rose in your hair."

"I was out in the wind all day and my face got chapped—feel, David."

She put her face close to his and he touched her cheek awkwardly with the tips of his fingers.

"It's soft, Maggie."

"No it ain't, it's rough. But I liked the wind. Ain't it grand out, David, in the spring?"

"It's courtin' time, Maggie."

A fretful cry came from upstairs. David got up restlessly and turned the pages of a magazine that lay on the table. Maggie went up to Jimmie, arranged his covers and patted him comfortingly. And all the time she was thinking, "Horrid little thing, if you hadn't cried he'd a' said it."

When she came downstairs David was still standing there turning the pages of the magazine.

"What was you sayin' about the spring, David?"

"Oh, I forgot."

Maggie tore a strip of paper from the *Evening News* and started folding and unfolding it.

"What magazine is that, David?"

He let it fall from his hands.

"I don't know. I ain't noticed the name of it. I ain't much for readin'—I just picked it up."

"There was some pretty actress women in it."

"I didn't notice 'em. I guess I got to go now, Maggie."

"But, David, you just come."

"Well, there's some jobs I left undone and I reckon I'd better see to them."

"David, I got all dressed up for you and I thought we'd have such a nice time. You don't want to go, do you, David?"

"Well, I guess I'll sit a bit."

He took a pack of cards out of the table drawer and started playing solitaire. Maggie watched his big brown hands. She wanted to take the cards and throw them out of the window, and she wanted to cry aloud, "You'd a' said it, David, if Jimmie hadn't cried."

He left at half past nine. She watched him go down the steps, and then she slammed the door and ran upstairs to her room. She took her clothes off as though they burned her, and threw them in a heap on the floor. She hated to look at the red rose. When she had put it in her hair she had thought how much he would like it. He did like it, too, until—she looked resentfully at the little screwed-up figure in the bed.

She couldn't sleep, and she lay staring up at the ceiling, thinking of David. The breathing of the child irritated her. How could she or David or anybody else forget, when Jimmie was always before them with his father's blue eyes?

The child snuggled up to her, sighing contentedly. She couldn't resist him when he did that. Her arms went around him. But she would have David. She wanted him and she had made up her mind to have

him. He wanted her, too,—it was Jimmie who stood in the way. Even if Jimmie had to suffer she'd have David, and she'd be a respectable married woman with a "Mrs." before her name. She had had enough of the other thing.

In the morning she was awakened by Jimmie kissing her. When she remembered what had happened the night before she turned her face away.

For two weeks Maggie didn't see David. And then one rainy afternoon he came. They moved the sofa up in front of the fire, for the day was chilly. David sat as far from Maggie as he could. He didn't say why he hadn't come, and she didn't ask.

They looked into the fire, and then suddenly they found themselves close to each other. He put his face down to hers and, like a child, she raised her lips to his.

Something struck the window, and, looking out into the yard, they saw Jimmie, in rubber boots and a raincoat, laughing in at them, his hands full of pebbles.

David spoke roughly.

"I can't stand that child—for a minute I forgot him."

"You can't stand him because he's remindin' you —of—of—"

"Yes—I can't help it."

He went out of the house, and Maggie, watching him from the window, saw that he never once looked back.

All her hurt pride and anger and defeat found an outlet in punishing Jimmie. She felt as though the child had thrown the pebbles just to spite her. She looked at him as he sulked in a corner.

"You've been a bad boy, Jimmie."

"I didn't do nothin' but throw some pebbles. You're a mean woman."

"Don't you sass me, Jimmie."

He muttered something beneath his breath, and she, pretending not to hear him, picked up a paper and glanced over it carelessly. Suddenly her hands clenched and the paper rattled. She took a scissors off the table, cut out an article, folded it and put it in the front of her dress. She stared at the child, her eyes wide; then she picked him up in her arms and kissed him fiercely.

The next morning Maggie got up early and started packing. She filled a trunk with hers and Jimmie's clothes, locked it, and strapped it. By noon the house was cleaned, the windows locked, and the shades drawn.

She took Jimmie by the hand and walked across the grass to Mrs. James', her next-door neighbor. Mrs. James left the window, where her eyes had been glued watching the unusual proceedings taking place at Maggie's house, and went to answer the ring at the door-bell.

Maggie refused her invitation to come in. "No," she said, "I ain't got time, for I got to catch the twelve-thirty train. I just come to tell you good-bye. I'm leavin' here for a two weeks' visit at my sister's house. If you see David Loring, you might tell him I left good-bye for him."

At the end of two weeks, Maggie, dressed in black, came home alone. She told Mrs. James, and Mrs. James told others, that Jimmie was dead. He had been run over by an automobile while playing in the street outside Maggie's sister's house.

When Mrs. James wanted to take Maggie in her arms and cry over her, Maggie held herself back and stared at her comforter dry-eyed. Mrs. James, in repeating the story, said that Maggie was a queer one.

Before the summer was over David and Maggie were married. Maggie flitted her wedding ring and the "Mrs." before her name in the faces of all those who had scoffed.

She and David were known as the gayest young couple in the county. They went to the country dances, and often into town if there was a circus or a show offered as an attraction.

David told her she had the energy of six women, and that he couldn't keep up with her. And she

laughed and twisted her wedding ring which had grown too large for her finger.

Mrs. James told David that Maggie was looking badly. In his masculine way he had never thought of Maggie being sick. She was always wanting to go somewhere or to do something.

After Mrs. James spoke to him he did notice that Maggie was thin, and that her eyes were sunken and glassily bright. And Maggie herself pointed out to him the deep lines about her mouth. "From too much smiling," she said.

But Maggie wasn't always smiling. At times she was so irritable that David would lose patience, and then they would quarrel like two children.

One day David came home to dinner tired out after a hard morning's work. He found Maggie sitting on the back porch, staring into space with a look of horror in her eyes that couldn't have been greater if the grass before her had been red devils instead of green blades. His voice startled her, and she looked up angrily.

"Why don't you let people know you're comin' instead of sneakin' up on them."

"I'm sorry, Maggie, but you oughtn't to have such scary nerves, and you looked as if you was seein' things." He stooped down and kissed her. "Is dinner ready? I'm hungry enough to eat a cow."

She got up hurriedly, and her voice was apologetic. "Is it dinner time? I didn't know it was that late, but I can get you something in a minute, David."

He flung his hat down on the porch.

"You're a pretty wife, you are. What you been doin' all morning? What do you think about, moonin' around all the time—that is when you ain't goin' like six women? I'm tired of it. You don't care if I get dinner or not. All you care about is yourself—you don't care for me."

She put her hand to her mouth as though to keep from crying out. Her face was a mottled red and her words were as indistinct and as thickly spoken as those of a drunken man's.

"I don't care for you, I don't? I done more for you than a woman ever done for a man. And what I done is killing me—killing me. But you don't care. I gave him away for you—and you don't care."

She burst into sobbing and ran up the stairs and into her room. He followed her and sat beside her on the bed where she had thrown herself. He put his face down to hers.

"I'm sorry I got mad Maggie—I'm sorry. Tell me what is worryin' you."

She took his hand and pressed it against her cheek.

"I gave him away 'cause I loved you most. I loved him, but I loved you most. And he was so little and kissin' me all the way there."

"Gave who away, Maggie?"

"Jimmie. I gave him away 'cause he kept remindin' you of—of—what I done." She buried her face still deeper in the pillow. "I knew you wouldn't ask me to marry you when he was around." She raised her head and looked at him out of her red, swollen eyes. "And then you said I didn't care for you—I'll be glad when I'm through lovin'—it's only meant hurt to me."

He lifted her off the bed and held her tightly in his arms. All his respectable horror at her sin was gone. She was his, and, because she had done wrong for him, he understood the other wrong. He was awed before her power of loving; he felt dimly that Maggie's sinning was greater than his lack of sinning. He was ashamed of himself, of his hardness, his smugness, his not understanding; and mingled with his love for her was the tenderness that a man has for a little girl in tears, a bad little girl who yet had to be loved. He brushed her hair back from her face, and her two hands clasped spasmodically around his neck.

"I—I gave him to an old woman who wanted to adopt a boy. She put an ad in the paper and I saw it and took him there. I want him back again—maybe she beats him and maybe he ain't got enough to eat.

I wake up in the night and think I hear him cryin'—he was a great one for wakin' up in the night and cryin'." She wiped her eyes with the handkerchief that David gave her. "The morning I took him to the old woman's, I told Mrs. James that me and him was goin' to visit my sister; and I took him to that place instead. I did go to my sister's then, and I told her that I had left Jimmie with a neighbor." She shuddered and pressed closer to David. "He won't love me now, will he, David? He was so little and he used to wake me up in the mornin' a-kissin' me."

She broke into a paroxysm of weeping, and he rocked her in his arms, petting her and soothing her as a woman would comfort a child. Her voice came to him from the depth of his coat.

"You must love me now, David, I did it all because I wanted you."

He stopped the trembling of her mouth with his own.

The next week David told Mrs. James that Maggie had gone to a neighboring town where they were going to live, and that he would join her as soon as he could sell the farm. Mrs. James told a friend who dropped in for a chat that she had seen Maggie as she was getting on the train, and that there was a little boy with her about the size of Jimmie. She couldn't see the child's face, and of course it couldn't have been Jimmie.

♦♦♦♦

The Case For a Capital Levy

Some of our more drastic economists are advocating the conscription of wealth, or, more accurately, a conscription of capital to clean up the war debt. Almost all the economists of standing favor more taxation rather than more bond issues. The argument for a levy on capital is simply carrying the principle of taxation in preference to bonds, to its ultimate in logic. Recently this proposal was broached in Great Britain and was received with a sort of tentative approval by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Bonar Law. Later Mr. Sidney Arnold again presented the matter in the House of Commons as a business proposition. Now our financial plight after the war may not be quite so bad as that of Great Britain, but it will be bad enough, considering the way the war budgets are running into billions of dollars annually. At \$25,000,000,000 a year heavy inroads are likely to be made upon our capital wealth of \$250,000,000,000, and the payment of the debt after the war is going to mean a heavy burden of taxation for a long time. Why not get rid of the burden quickly? It is not inappropriate to present as an answer to this question the appended article from the London "Nation" upon Mr. Arnold's proposal of a capital levy in Great Britain, the conditions there and here being relatively the same. With no change other than pounds and pence into dollars and cents the plea has as much pertinency here as there.

MR. ARNOLD'S preliminary estimate of the British national debt after the war is that it is not likely to be less than eight thousand million pounds. His proposal is that not less than three-quarters of this large sum should be raised by two levies: the first to take place as soon as possible after peace, and the second some two years later. Each levy should raise three thousand millions, all forms of property being valued as for death duties, and being subject to a levy graduated so as to yield an average rate of 12½ per cent of a total capital value which Mr. Arnold estimates at twenty-four thousand millions. This figure is a good deal higher than the ordinary estimate, and it is doubted whether it can be substantiated. The money income of the nation has no doubt been raised enormously by the inflated finance of the war. But the rise in capital values must be a great deal less, the loss of foreign investments and the depreciation of large bodies of home securities being set against the new value of war stocks and the enhanced capital value

of profiteering stocks. There is no disputing, however, the advantages of a capital levy over the only alternative—*viz.*, a large further rise of the income tax, retained for an indefinite period amid all the vicissitudes of fluctuating national trade. Failing a capital levy, the necessary income tax would, Mr. Arnold estimates, be not less than 7s. 6d. in the £, a figure too low to cover any of those large projects of reconstruction that are the price of social and economic security in the perilous times ahead. Indeed, a growing recognition of the impracticability of raising the revenue required for the post-war period by any ordinary process of taxation will continually bring in new converts to the necessity of a big early effort to cut down the burden of war indebtedness. The option, as Mr. Arnold presents it, is between a capital levy with an income tax of 2s. 6d. and no levy with an income tax rising in its higher supertax level to 12s. 6d., and liable in periods of bad trade and lower income to be raised still higher. The proposed levy would be so graduated as to leave untouched properties of less than a thousand pounds, would reach 4½ per cent at about £5,000, 7½ at about £20,000, and 12½ at £60,000, rising to a much higher figure for great individual aggregations of wealth.

The general case for the capital levy rests on an appeal to the sound business policy of a nation. An individual who found himself heavily hampered by a load of debt would be commended for his wisdom and his honesty, if he made an early and a heavy personal effort to disembarass himself. Why should a nation be judged differently? The first salutary effect of a capital levy would be to strengthen the national credit and to give it the greater elasticity which is so essential for meeting the demands of changing times. As for the objection that certain individuals and classes would be called upon to pay more than their share towards this national relief, it cannot bear investigation. One way or another, the money must be found, and the obligation to produce it must be upon those who possess it. An early effort will reduce the aggregate payment. For, as Mr. Arnold points out, a wiping out of 6,000 millions would save a sinking fund of some 45 millions per annum, which would otherwise have to be found by the same propertied classes in the shape of higher income tax. In computing the net saving produced by a capital levy, it is right to bear in mind, however, that this commandeering of capital involves a reduction of the subsequent yield both of income tax and of ordinary death duties, and that these deductions must be taken into account in working out the net economy of the proposal.

Over the objection that a capital levy reduces the amount of liquid capital available for industrial development after the war, Mr. Arnold does not waste much time. The liquid capital taken in the levy will be used to pay off holders of war stock, and will be available in their hands for ordinary investment. Indeed, the lease of many negotiable securities pledged with banks to support subscriptions to war loans will really increase the volume of mobile wealth. One of the gravest troubles of the financial situation after the war will be the enormous scale on which future savings of individuals and companies for years to come are pawned to the banks and insurance companies. An early cancelment of masses of war-loan by means of a levy would furnish a salutary relief from this embarrassment.

But the most serviceable part of Mr. Arnold's argument deals with the methods of payment which the state should employ for the capital levy in order to meet the two objections; first, that a great deal of capital-wealth is incapable of being valued for the purpose of such a levy; and, secondly, that the levy would be largely paid in forms of wealth which could not be realized for paying off the war-debt. He shows that there need be no difficulty in getting payment for his 12½ per cent levy in already ascertained values, which can be made immediately available for the reduction of the debt. Some small preference would secure a large proportion of the levy in war stocks, which could simply be cancelled. Payments in cash would equally serve for redemption of the

short-time borrowing. Some small advantage would be given to payment of the levy in certain first-class listed securities, which could speedily be exchanged by the government for war-stock held by persons or companies, some slight advantage of price being given as an inducement. This would probably be welcomed by many patriotic persons who had overloaded themselves with war-loans, and would like some liberation of the sort offered by the government. Two other steps are proposed by Mr. Arnold further to facilitate the levy. He would empower the government to guarantee the banks, so as to induce them to give credits to owners of land or of fixed capital who otherwise might not be able to pay their assessment in a form available for use. The banks taking mortgages of such properties would hand over to the borrower blocks of the war stocks which they had been holding, and the borrower would pay it in to the government as his contribution to the levy. Finally, it is suggested that the rare cases to which none of these methods of payment seem applicable could be met by a half-yearly installment system extending over a period of, say, eight years. By such a provision payment of the levy could be secured in forms immediately available for a reduction of the debt to dimensions easily handled by the ordinary annual revenue.

There is the further contention that such a confiscation of capital would be a dangerous deterrent to thrift. This is met by pointing out the emergency character of the measure. In point of fact, high income tax, which is the sole alternative, would be likely to be a far more effective interference with productive industry than the levy, for the latter is raised exclusively from pre-existing wealth, while the former threatens future production. Finally, there are two important arguments of a more general order which give strong support to the capital levy. The first is the urgent necessity of paying back as much as possible of the borrowing while the inflated condition of the currency and other abnormal financial circumstances maintain high prices and high levels of monetary income. For if prices and incomes were falling to the pre-war level, the continued payment of the high interest upon the war debt would represent a sum in actual wealth far greater than was contemplated in the terms of the borrowing. Such a strain upon the current productivity of the nation for payment of interest upon dead capital would prove intolerable. Finally, the strong and growing public sentiment among the working classes in favor of a capital levy regarded as a war-sacrifice cannot safely be ignored. The well-founded belief that large fortunes have been made out of the havoc and misery of war by smart or fortunate business men is a source of deep and dangerous indignation. There exists a passionate demand that as much as possible of this war-loot shall be taken for the public purse. A capital levy is an imperfect but a more or less effective way of doing this. If the propertied classes persist in opposing it they run a risk far graver than they seem to understand, of letting loose the flood-tide of social revolution, sweeping away the very foundations of the economic order.

♦♦♦♦

Whitmania

By Bert Love

PITIFUL indeed is the attempt of some of our younger writers to write Whitmanesque. That is a thing which cannot be done. It is impossible even to make a respectable parody which suggests the Whitman manner. In a measurably extensive reading of Whitman and his self-accepted imitators, ranging through more than a quarter of a century, I have not found one writer who "got" old Walt, either in manner or in spirit.

For many years I have hoped vainly for one friend who can accept Whitman. There was one, but she is dead. A New England woman was she, soul-steeped in the old poetry and the new; herself a poet who never wrote a line in verse, but lived

lyrics and epics. A soul was hers unstained by vulgarities, not leashed to pruderies, but swinging free and virgin in the high firmament of human sympathies. Beyond any other person whom I have known, she knew Whitman and understood him. Vivid memories do I hold of her comradeship and of days in her truly hospitable home, always with a few of the worth-while books upon the library table and in hand; of unforgettable hours there with Julia Ward Howe and Edward Everett Hale, two rare old persons who never aged; and of her appreciative account of the visit of dear old John Burroughs of Slabside, whose coming I missed. Both she and Burroughs being ardent Whitmanites, twin souls communed at that board and broke postprandial bread of heavenly manna at the flaming fireplace.

There was also a September Sunday afternoon when a small group of us, including this wide-minded New England woman, loafed upon a huge granite boulder left by some ancient glacier along the shore of the Thames river in Connecticut, one member of the party chanting the "Song of the Open Road." . . . When her husband, some years ago, wrote me that she was dead, a light faded out of the heavens, and the darkness seems dreary still. In all the world she was the only person I have known long and intimately who shared with me a passion for the real splendors of Walt Whitman; here and there a sporadic flash, but never elsewhere the steady gleam.

After that stroke of desolation I thought to find a substitute for chumming with Walt. In New York I spoke of Whitman to a long-time editor, a man of much reading, and got a shock that stunned me; he was, in some respects, my best friend.

"Too much sex stuff," he said; "what's the use?"

I found that he had read only the "sex stuff" in Whitman! Of the real Walt he knew nothing.

In a large city of the middle west the editor-in-chief of a long-established daily newspaper of national repute, a man who could quote long passages of the wonderful lyrics of Sidney Lanier from memory of their first reading years before, whose knowledge of poetry in the mass was much wider than the average in his profession, gave me another shock. I had quoted a bit of Walt to him, applicable to the point under discussion.

"Do you read Whitman?" he demanded, turning upon me with a stare of accusation.

"I do," I confessed, boldly; "he is my Bible."

"Don't you know that Whitman had five illegitimate children?" he catapulted against me, then changed the subject.

But the severest shock was reserved for a later time. There was of my acquaintance a young woman of superior physical charm and highly individualized mentality. She had won two or three university degrees. She went through books—even the dust-dry tomes in a law library—with devouring swiftness. She told me that in college she had had two passions—psychology and poetry. I hinted at Whitman.

"Oh, I am so glad you know him!" she cried, "for I want to know him myself; but I never have read Whitman."

Gallantry as well as the questing of my soul for a chum in Whitmaniac camaraderie constrained me to send her my "Leaves of Grass" copy. A little later I found her sitting cross-legged upon a soft-seated divan, reading the "sex stuff" in Walt! And she got no farther. She was no simpering and silly maiden, mind you, but a degreed and traveled woman of wellnigh thirty.

I believe, however, that there is in the world somewhere a person who might be my Walt-chum could I but find him. He is the man who stole my "Leaves of Grass," the one bought in boyhood, much marked and marginally annotated, carried across the continent several times in lieu of the New Testament, and left with some hundreds of other books in a furnished house on Long Island. Somebody packed all the other books and shipped them westward to

me. The only one I really cared for was missing. Huh! Now let one of those St. Louis ouija-board enchanters call up old Walt himself and ask him what became of my copy of him, since I have certain slight reason to believe that it was retained—a kinder word that—by a man who lives close by the old town of West Hills, where Whitman was born. I want a chum.

Having read many of the self-supposed imitators of Whitman, one cannot look to any of them for such chumship. Also having attended several of the annual Walt Whitman Fellowship dinners in New York, with the devoted and Boswellian Horace Traubel in command in the seat of the MacGregor—a zealous and a jealous conservator of Whitmanian—present company remains unchummed save by the gentle wraith of the New England seeress who sat beside him at one of those feasts in the old Brevoort at the foot of Fifth avenue until he, with Richard Le Gallienne, Michael Monahan, George Viereck and another, was driven to the basement bar and to drink in protest of the drivel offered by some of the "devotees."

"Yet no one doubts the sincerity of these faithful followers," writes the author of a twelve-year-old Bostonese book just read. "Whitmanites really like Whitman, albeit they protest too much. It is difficult to read him and not like him. Unfortunately the many find it impossible to read him. Whitman prepares his feasts, throws open his doors and bids all enter who will. A few come and by their shrill volubility make it seem as if the dining-room were crowded. The majority do not trouble to cross the threshold. They have heard that the host serves queer dishes; it has even been reported that he is a cannibal. This, or something very like it, has been Whitman's fate. A taste for Whitman's work must be acquired."

Like a taste for olives? Or for caviare? Or for limburger? No; like a taste for orbit-swinging stars, and for Milky Ways, and for infinitudes unventured!

Now may the reader unearth the reason for these too reminiscent settings-down in cold print. For years has the thought compelled me that there should be an abridged, not an expurgated, Whitman. Expurgated Walt is unthinkable! But he books too large for the average reader; he is overwritten. Horace Traubel to the contrary notwithstanding: there is a lot of stuff, including a considerable portion of the sex stuff, in his works that is not necessary to the understanding and acceptance of Walt Whitman as seer-poet to the mass.

Let some publisher bring out a book of condensed Whitman, deleting the drivel and the too-droll which mar him here and there; cutting out with a keen knife all those cataloguish agonies, whether they be sex stuff or of other sort, which have no more bearing upon the true Whitman than have the names in the Bible of those patriarchal begetters upon the Scriptures: "And Asa begat Josaphat; and Josaphat begat Joram; and Joram begat Ozias," and so on to the nth chapter.

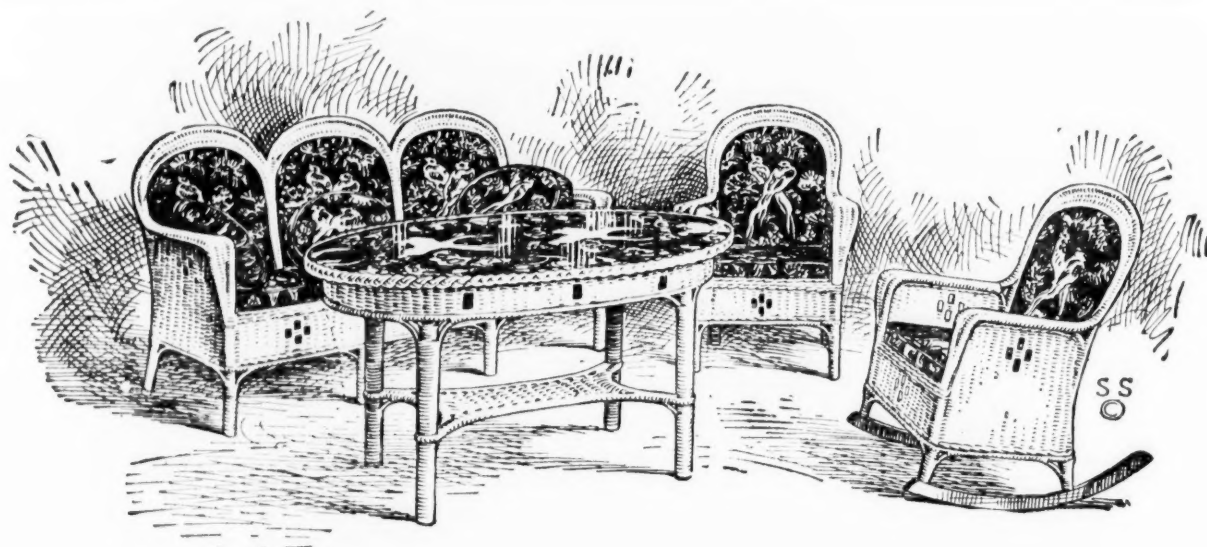
Eliminate, eradicate, prune all that stuff, and leave naked and unashamed the true Walt, the poesy, the prophecy, the profundity, the lyric swing, the epic sweep and soul-surge of the man, the comrade. The condensed Whitman would bulk to about the heft of a fictional best-seller, and properly press-agented it should become itself the first best-seller of its year of publication. I but throw out this hint for a Kennerley or a Knopf, or, better, for a Mosher. For

"Rhymes and rhymers pass away, poems distill'd from poems pass away,

The swarms of reflectors and the polite pass, and leave ashes,

Admirers, importers, obedient persons, make but the soil of literature, . . ."

but Walt Whitman remains and endures and "but levels this life to pass and continue beyond" and look into faces glorified by "the dear love of comrades."



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Letters From the People

Land or Labor

Boston, Mass., May 12, 1918.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

I wish that all good single taxers like Mr. Ben Doblin and Mr. George White would cultivate an attitude of sympathy towards honest doubters like your correspondent, Mr. John Beverley Robinson. The heretic has always been the best friend of truth, and though by a primitive instinct we hasten to defend the convictions into which we have settled, it should be the part of wisdom to welcome a startling heresy lest it contain a hitherto unsuspected and possibly important aspect of the truth we cherish.

While I am not clear that Mr. Robinson rightly apprehends the single tax theory in affirming that at its very root lies the assumption that some land is inherently or by nature more productive than other land, he yet lays bare what I conceive to be a real truth, *i. e.*, that such inequality in productiveness as may under temporary conditions appear to exist, is not a cause of land value. The least productive land to-day may be the most productive to-morrow. The surface of a bare rock, when it becomes a corner-lot in a city, is more productive

than many acres of the best agricultural land. It is surely evident then, that the differential value in land which (to quote Mr. Doblin) is obvious enough "to satisfy any normal mind" is at best only a fleeting or passing phenomenon. It is here to-day and elsewhere to-morrow. It is indeed, so erratic in its movement as to satisfy the normal mind after due reflection, that it cannot be due to inherent differences in productiveness, if that word is used as being synonymous with natural fertility.

To what then, is the productiveness that issues in land value really due? To me it seems clear (and I thank Mr. Robinson for having assisted me to a realization of it) that this productiveness is due to one cause only,—the use that men can be to each other by associating together in crowds. When men combine and subdivide their labors, an increase in production is given off that is not the result of the individual labors of the Browns, Smiths, or Thompsons that have formed the combination, but is of the nature of a chemical by-product. It is, as Mr. Robinson says, produced by labor and not by anything inherent in the land, but it is certainly not by the labor of individuals *qua* individuals. It is a something added, and which

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would never have existed if men had labored never so assiduously each on his own patch of land. It is purely a social product, and it seems impossible to imagine otherwise than that this added productiveness should be reflected in the value of the locations on which the co-operative effort took place. Now, for the purposes of such combination and consequent increase in production, the land that formerly seemed least productive may turn out to be the most productive. At all events, on taking long views the "differentials" in the quality of land fade into insignificance and seem to lose all meaning as a determining cause of land value.

In fairness to the memory of Ricardo, I must remind Mr. Robinson that the great economist did not set out to expound the cause of rent, but assumed that cause to be in constant operation, *i. e.*, the pressure of a civilized population with an instinct towards mutual helpfulness, combination of effort and subdivision of labor. What he did pro-

less to explain was the *law* by which rent-value distributes itself,—that when a civilization stretches out to a hitherto valueless territory it drives before it, so to say, an atmosphere of value which inevitably attaches itself first to those locations which are, *for society's immediate purposes*, most productive, leaving the other locations to develop their (perhaps superior) productiveness (and consequently rent-bearing quality) later on.

Does it, then, not facilitate clear thinking if we accept Mr. Robinson's view that for all practical purposes the differential productiveness of land (in the sense of natural fertility whether in wheat or gold) is a negligible consideration? Rent is caused by the pressure of people who are willing to be sociable and to help each other by dove-tailing their activities and by setting up public authorities to provide social services. But the rent-bearing quality of land distributes itself unequally according to the temporary or shifting values-of-

position at the moment (and this applies indifferently to copper mines, farm or city building lots)—values which may change or reverse themselves the day after tomorrow. In this position I now rest, but shall endeavor to retain an open mind so that any original thinker among your future correspondents may dislodge me with no heavier weapon than a sound argument.

ALEX. MACKENDRICK.

♦♦♦

Potatoes and Patriots

By Harry B. Kennon

Speculating upon how to put in a gusty, rainy Saturday night, and feeling rather homesick among the afraid-to-be-sociable guests wandering about the lobby of one of those new-fledged, high-toned, high-priced, so-called European hotels that echo Chicago, just as the going western prairie city the hotel adorns echoes the windy Lady of Lake Michigan even unto perfume, for smells may be echoes when breathed o'er stock yards, a hearty hand slapped me on the shoulder and a hearty voice exclaimed: "Gee, look who's here! How's every little old thing going with you, Sam?" And before I had time to say how glad I was to see him, I found myself pushed down into the springy leather depths of a lounge, my hand in the friendly grip of Bill Rogers, whom I hadn't laid eyes on since last summer, down in Goshen, Indiana, at the Auto Inn, where he quizzed me about German fried potatoes *camouflaging* as Yankee Irish. All fear of a dull Saturday night left me immediately; blue devils and Bill Rogers don't mix.

"And how's everything with you, Bill?" I asked.

"Fine, Sam," he answered, "just fine!"

Bill looked it. Ever cleanly, and one of those built-for-service men who wear clothes so well that you never think of their quality, Bill Rogers has always carried a fetchingly visible all's-well-with-the-world *aura* about with him—and Bill has had some tough sledding, as I happen to know. Now he possessed an added charm, charms, in fact, for the expansive front of him was decorated with more orders than worn by a knight when ragged out for some high function at court. The old maltese cross still hung from his watch chain and the old T. P. A. button still stuck in his button-hole—but a gold mounted moose tooth rose and fell, with Bill's breathing, beside the symbol of Masonry; and golden B. P. O. E. antlers surmounted his traveler's button; his coat lapels, otherwise, shouted for the Red Cross and Liberty bonds. Yes; Bill Rogers looked just fine, and prosperous. It isn't in Bill's make-up to hide things, so it seemed entirely natural, and without a shade of bounce, for him to be wearing symbols of his good-fellowship on the outside, and signs of his good heart for everybody to see. No "knight of the grip" has ever been known to hide his prosperity. Business permits no such folly, and Bill is nobody's fool.

"Your new western territory seems to agree with you," I remarked. "Suspenders and gent's furnishings must be rushing."

"Nothing doing in that line," replied

Bill, "absolutely nothing for me since first of the year. Left socks and such for a better life. Don't mean to say you don't know about it? Haven't any of the boys tipped you off? Of course, you run an auto."

"Of course, I don't," I laughingly responded. "What's that got to do with the new job? Tell us what you've struck."

"If you ran an auto you'd sure know about Rogers' accelerator," said Bill seriously, "and that's the whole works. Get the idea? Last summer, when I was pushing my tin Lizzie along poverty road, down in Indiana, I got a notion that I could make the old girl run smoother and cheaper if she had just one more trick on her little inside. Get me, Sam? Well, I didn't do a thing but worry about that until I'd pulled it off, and now autos skid to my side of the road fairly honking for Rogers' attachment."

"Good," I congratulated. "Got your trick patented?"

"Better than those. Got a lump sum down and straight royalty from—" and Bill lowered his voice to mention a name that stands high in the automobile trade.

"For how long is your royalty?" I inquired, hoping my inventor had guarded against the peril that has swamped so many of his fellows.

Bill laughed. "Well, I don't want to

live forever," he said, "I'm only tied up for life, introducing my trick. No reason why capital back of me shouldn't get a rake-off, is there? I don't want the earth. How do you feel for feeding?"

I signified my willingness and we walked across the lobby. "Trouble with this hotel," said Bill, "is it's ahead of the town. More help than guests. Gee! give me a country shop before these lonesome shacks. Can't wet our feed, worse luck. Nothing to wet it with since the state went dry... regular desert... no cab-arabian nights... fellow has to treat his thirst with Christian Science... pretty gorgeous, I don't think."

I knew Bill to be stealing a clever MIRRORIAN's thunder, with his thirst panacea and his reference to vanished cabarets, for I had heard "Good-bye, John Barleycorn," sung in Detroit, Michigan—songs that touch the heart wing their way rapidly across our wide country. It never occurred to me, however, to taunt my friend with his lack of originality as we seated ourselves at an elaborately appointed table in the spacious, sparsely peopled dining-room, where a little army of foreign waiters—not French nor English nor Italian—stood at attention, eyes right to their Austrian commander. Indeed, it seemed that the war, barring prices and portions, had made little difference in the

efficient service of this particular hotel. We might have been dining to music at any of the old Germanias in the forgotten golden age of peace, so far as atmosphere went. Of course we had a bunch of little silk flags of the allies for a centerpiece, of course—no flowers.

Bill looked about, taking in the whole show at a glance, and remarked: "Aliens interred for the war, I reckon."

"Don't look like prisoners," I replied; "probably not an enemy in the lot. You meant to say interned, didn't you?"

"I meant buried," answered Bill Rogers, tucking a napkin under his chin, "buried alive. Get me? Gosh! to think of healthy men hustling hash in these live days. Why, they've got girls running elevators in hotels all over the country. Nice girls, too."

"Makes a good advertisement, Bill."

"All the same, Sam, I take my hat off to the girls—every time." He sighed as he ran his eye down the menu; long as an election ballot and as confusing. "Well," he said, "here's to Hoover! Reckon we'll have to eat what he lets us. Uh-huh... thought so. How's this for the patriotic pedal, Sam? 'Only food permitted by the food administration served in this hotel. Eat plenty of what we serve and win the war!' Isn't that lovely, Sam? Sounds like a Chicago jeweler's ad.—'Buy pearls and

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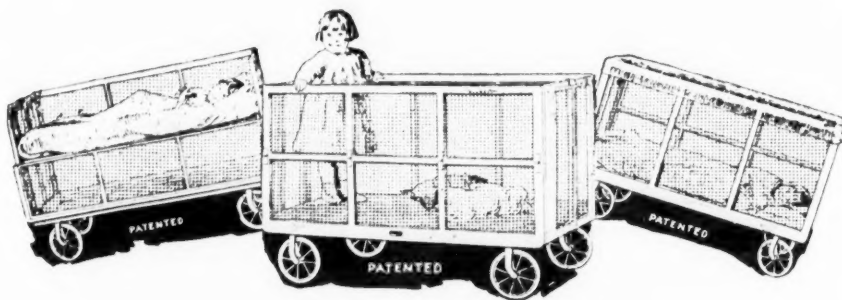
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be patriotic.' Well, we've got to win the war, old top. Feel for Yankee fried Irish to-night?"

"It's patriotic to eat potatoes," I laughed. "Have they any baked, on the bill?"

"They have, Sam, bet your sweet life they have—at twenty cents per. If you thrill to spuds five for a dollar, with farmers feeding them to the hogs before they rot; go to it. I'm not that yellow."

"Serves the farmers right for holding their potatoes out of market, when they could get a fair price," I commented,

with the severity born of a city householder's experience.

"See here, Sam," returned Bill earnestly, "you haven't sized up this spud situation straight. You're all plugged up with newspaper gum. City commission men, raising dust to hide their tracks, have blurred your goggles. All the profiteers aren't out on the farms—blamed few, by the count. If you know a dealer of any kind who hasn't been loading himself up to the muzzle against advancing markets for everything, looking to take long profits, for the love of Mike shoot him on the screen and show

mè. We're all up against the hard-heartedest cold storage proposition ever—and most of us are in it. I duck when a profiteer jumps me unmerciful—and damned if I'll pay twenty cents for a baked potato."

"You can't deny what I said about farmers holding their crops, Bill."

"Some farmers," Bill qualified, "mostly retired farmers. In every district, town and country, you'll find men holding what they've got for top prices—not all, if you get me; some can't. What's the good of being hypocrites? Is that going to put the blocks to Berlin? It's

only since last April that Americans said it was dishonest to get all you could for your stuff."

"Maybe that's a good thing for America to know, Bill."

"It is a good thing," agreed Bill, "only it ain't the thing doing. I'm not talking maybes, I'm saying what is. Get onto the land-grabbers and land-holders—are those patriots coughing up profits so's you could see it? Not on your liver! Twenty cents for a baked potato! Why, if it was bigger'n a Georgia watermelon it wouldn't be worth it. Up in the potato country farmers are unloading crops for less than cost of digging, and diggers got good pay last fall—and then some. I heard a young farmer say last week, 'A man's got to be mighty patriotic to plant potatoes this season;' and when I asked him what he was planting, he said, 'Potatoes.' I'm telling you, Sam—"

"You haven't told me why the farmer didn't unload when he could, Bill."

"I am telling you. Have you any idea of the falling off in farmers who own the land that they plant and plow? Look into that, old man. Tenant farmers can't hold stuff. They've got to get it to market, as soon as harvested, to pay their piled-up running expenses and rent to some fat old slob in town, juggling his money to trim the tenant going and coming. I know farms and I know farmers, and I know why they didn't get a price for their potatoes, why one of the richest crops dug was a failure, why a twenty-cent potato to-day is an insult to civilization."

"Well, I'm waiting, Bill."

"They couldn't get cars to carry them to market—that's why."

"Sure of that?"

"Dead sure—and there was a reason. Twenty cents for one baked spud—good Lord!"

The band in the balcony struck up "The Star-Spangled Banner." Everybody in the room stood up, waited the conclusion of the rag-timed air, sat down again—and went on eating.

"Sad, ain't it?" said Bill.

"What's sad?" I inquired.

"Our bully brand of enthusiasm, old man. It makes me think of a ball game." He looked around and said, apropos of nothing that had gone before: "Nineteen—nineteen—"

"Nineteen what?"

"Nineteen able-bodied hash-slingers in sight, smelling around for tips. There's enthusiasm for you. It makes me sick. Up-state the other day—"

"Whereabouts, Bill?"

"Union. Good-sized town. . . full of folks . . . Saturday afternoon . . . automobiles all parked down the main street . . . buyers in. A bunch of boys, nineteen young boys, Sam, from round about, in answer to their draft numbers and the country's call. They had on white badges, but no uniforms . . . a flag and a fife and a drum. They marched through the side street and the main street . . . they did it again—"

"That's a common sight these days, Bill."

"Rotten common. So common that Union folks stood on the sidewalk like bumps on a log, with never a hand nor a cheer for those nineteen awkward country boys marching away to camp

and glory. God! it was magnificent. I wanted to holler my damned head off and start things."

"Why didn't you, Bill?"

"And get juggled for being pro-something I wasn't! Not in Union. Tell you what, Sam, my mug's getting all out of shape, keeping my mouth shut."

We had arrived at the crested silver finger bowl stage of dinner. Our waiter lingered near.

"This is on me," said Bill, producing a fat roll.

"Oh, come off, Bill, I'm spending my own expense money," I demurred.

"Not while Rogers' accelerator is in demand," said Bill. "Buy a baby bond on the house with yours, and save the country." He laid a ten-spot on the salver.

Our waiter returned with Bill's change, one dollar of it neatly assorted into shining quarters and dimes. Bill counted his money carefully, if swiftly, and then swept the whole out of sight. The smile of our waiter faded into an expression of polite disgust. Bill took a little, thin purse out of his waistcoat pocket, extracted a couple of thrift stamps, and handed them to the waiter. "Here, boy," he said, "paste these in your book. Get the habit."

And then Bill Rogers and I went out into the lounge where we smoked and chinned until midnight—old time. Bill has no notion of saving daylight after dark.

Mad Monk Ilidor

By A. Meyer

To understand Russian politics it is necessary to understand Russians. Before the war we were prone to think of them as a race of Cossacks, fierce and fearless, without regard for their own or anyone else's lives. Up to the time of the revolution this conception—of indifference to personal safety—was fostered by the fiction of Kuprin, Turgenief, *et al.*, but instead of the terrible Cossack they wrote of the young university students of both sexes immolating themselves upon the altar of freedom, the immeasurable sacrifice of young lives being rendered useless by the torpor and stupidity of the masses, the inexorable power of the government. Now a different note is creeping into literature about Russia and we see Russians as superstitious mystics, gentle, long-suffering, patient. This superstitious mysticism we are told is inspired by the geographical situation, the climate and the Russian religion. The orthodox church prescribes a Lenten season of six months, the six most rigorously severe of the year, and consequently when the rain and snow are almost incessant and the steppes are grey and monotonous, the impressionable Russian, instead of fortifying himself for the struggle with nature with the food his appetite craves, systematically starves himself in obedience to religious mandate, and his underfed body communicates its weakened condition to his undernourished brain, producing a deep melancholy which results in dead inertia and hopeless resignation. When in this state peasants will walk miles to consult a sorcerer or a wonder worker, to obtain a charm, an herb or a

prayer. And like the peasants the ruling classes, even to the czar, turn to seers and mystics for consolation and counsel. It is commonly believed that the prophetic spirit comes oftenest to the peasant at the plow or the humble pilgrim who may be wandering over the vast Russian plains visiting holy men and sacred places.

The fame of one such a devotee gradually spread among the people until it penetrated the royal court. Czar Nicholas, being of a pliable, credulous and superstitious nature, was peculiarly susceptible to the representations of these "holy" men as made by some designing courtier anxious to worm himself into the imperial favor, and always admitted them to his presence and his confidence. In "The Mad Monk of Russia" (Century Co.) Ilidor, the author, charges that from 1907 Russia was ruled not by ministers but by various lunatics, cripples and "saints," that while the ministers would be making their reports to the czar in the council chamber, this saintly horde, ragged, barefoot, filthy, would fill the palace even to playing with the royal children in the bedchambers, and as soon as the ministers were gone would file into the czar's study for consultation with the ruler. Not infrequently, he tells us, their prophetic word nullified the reports and destroyed the schemes of the ministers. Of course there was jealousy among these "saints" and their intrigues eventually wrought their downfall. However, no sooner did one's popularity begin to wane than some alert courtier would introduce another. If he happened to be honest and sincere he would give the czar his blessing and depart on his pilgrimage, but if crafty and cunning—as was oftener the case—he became the tool of some clique and for a time would influence the affairs of state.

The greatest and last of these was Rasputin, who gained his influence by foretelling the birth of the czarewitsch. When Ilidor was a student, fame of a great Siberian prophet, clairvoyant, miracle worker, ascetic, reached the university and shortly afterward this "God's man, Gregory," as he was called, appeared. Ilidor describes him as "dressed in a cheap, greasy gray coat, the skirts of which bulged out in front like two old leather mittens. His pockets were inflated like those of a beggar who deposits therein any eatables that are given to him. His trousers, no less shabby than the coat, hung down over the coarse legs of his peasant boots, abundantly blackened with tar, and the seat of his trousers flapped like a torn old hammock. The hair on the saint's head was roughly combed in one direction; his beard looked like a piece of sheepskin pasted to his face to complete his repulsive ugliness. His hands were pockmarked and unclean, and there was much dirt under his long and somewhat turned-in nails. His entire body emitted an indeterminate disagreeable smell." Although his appearance was so uninviting Ilidor accepted him for what he claimed to be and says specifically "in the beginning he was an honest, earnest man, a seeker after God." Ilidor was very devout; all his life he had studied in preparation for the priesthood and this meeting with Gregory Rasputin took place but a short while before his ordi-

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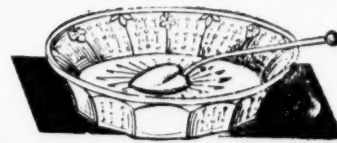
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nation as pope. Therefore although his natural inclination was to distrust Rasputin, the fact that his religious superiors regarded the latter as a saint was sufficient to cause him to put aside his own doubts.

In the course of his travels Rasputin reached the court and immediately found favor with the czar, more especially with the czarina. His greasy nondescript garb was discarded for elegant silks and velvets—sometimes embroidered by the czarina's own hands—and his influence and power became unlimited. All the other "saints" were banished. Rasputin was prime minister, cabinet, pope. The czar's rulings were but echoes of Rasputin's desires and anyone craving recognition of any sort made his plea to Rasputin. He was on terms of the closest intimacy with the royal family, by whom he was regarded as God's prophet, and his sanction was required on all their private and political acts. The courtiers in general, men and women, shared this high opinion of him. Did anyone want money for a worthy charity, the request was made through Rasputin and the government treasury responded with thousands of rubles. Did anyone seek political office, it was only to be had through Rasputin. Did anyone wish to escape Siberia, to Rasputin the appeal was made—but not always granted. Rasputin was cunning and clever and crafty. He knew how to play upon the hopes and fears of the czar and czarina to his own advantage. And he was unscrupulous. Prosperity and preference cost him his love of God and he became hypocritical and self-seeking.

Iliodor asserts, and substantiates his assertions with examples and instances, that Rasputin was as dissolute as his name implies; he says in fact that "Rasputin was indeed the devil himself." As indicative of the lengths to which he would go to advance his own interests it is said that the epileptic fits to which the young czarevitch was subject and from which none but Rasputin could rouse him were not epileptic fits at all. On the contrary they were simply states of coma deliberately induced by Rasputin through the administration of a drug with the connivance of a lady-in-waiting at such times as Rasputin thought his power in need of bolstering. The czar and czarina would feel that God had stricken their son to punish them for neglecting His prophet and Rasputin would be reinstated in their favor, whereupon the child would "miraculously" recover. These repeated treatments naturally had a deleterious effect upon the czarevitch and are responsible for his enfeebled health today. In fairness to him, however, Iliodor states that Rasputin's high position at court was not due solely to his charlatan tricks. He credits Rasputin with "unknown potentialities" by which he was enabled to obtain ascendancy over many people. One of these was prophetic dreams in which the future was revealed to him.

Naturally not everyone was deceived as to his true character and his enemies constantly sought to contrive his death. Iliodor himself figured in two plots for his murder. He was hated principally for political reasons but his death came at the hands of Prince Felix, whose wife



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he had injured. Rasputin's death at first demoralized the czar and czarina. The czarina was the first to recover and resolved to glorify her prophet by consummating the separate peace with Germany which Rasputin had advocated.

According to Iliodor, Rasputin's death synchronized with the climax reached by the Russian people in their discontent with the existing disorder, injustice and tyranny, and the proposed German peace was the final straw which resulted in the

revolution and the overthrow of the Romanoffs. Thus passed the rule of the "saints."

The character and exploits of Rasputin were more or less well known in America through the sensational articles which had appeared in our newspapers, but the name of Iliodor is familiar to comparatively few. The contrary is true in Russia, if cultured Russians now living in this country are to be believed, where he is known as the mad monk. At present Iliodor is about forty years old and is living in New York. He was born on the banks of the Don, of exceedingly poor parents, deeply religious folk, who believed in the semi-divinity of the czar—that the heart of the czar lies in the hand of God. Educated as a priest, or pope, as the Russians say, he wandered through the land, one of those holy men described at the beginning of this article. Speaking of his success in preaching he ascribes it to "my powerful eloquence, my clean moral life and my absolute humility. I continued fasting. I slept on wooden blocks without mattress or pillow. The people considered me a saint and many who were sick and suffering came to ask for healing, attributing divine power to me." Noting the absence of the better classes in the churches which he visited, he followed them into the theatres and restaurants, his mere presence a reproach to the gamblers and sinners.

Iliodor's life would seem to parallel Rasputin's in another respect, for in less than three years the humble ascetic had become a "monster of audacity," rich and arrogant. For this change Rasputin was principally responsible, since one of his first acts after coming into power was to single out the young student. He showered honors and moneys upon him, concerning which Iliodor is somewhat reticent, and made him his confidant. So sure was Rasputin of Iliodor that he boasted to him of his power over the Russian rulers, gave him letters written him by the czarina, revealed to him his dishonorable secret practices. Iliodor was made head of the important monastery of Tsaritzin and was mentioned in connection with a mitre. Then came a rupture between the two friends. Iliodor represents that his eyes were at last opened to the iniquity of Rasputin but his statements are not quite convincing. It is clear that in political scheming and manoeuvring for royal favor Iliodor was as active as Rasputin; but the latter was more successful. It appears to have been the old contest between two "saints."

Rasputin was victorious and orders were issued for Iliodor's banishment from Tsaritzin. He did not meekly submit. He had a few friends among the bishops and thousands among the people, so he tramped through Russia on foot calling the people to his support. Slipping back into Tsaritzin he gathered a force of four thousand and in the underground chambers which they had prepared withstood a siege of twenty days. In the end he was taken and confined at Floritschey, while some of his followers were brutally murdered in his monastery by order of the Holy Synod. Failing in his efforts to discredit Rasputin with the czar and the synod he resigned his office of pope, unfrocked himself. Eventually he escaped from

his prison and lived two years in Christiana. While in this city he was approached by some Russian state dignitaries as the only man in the world who could secure assassins for Rasputin. He agreed, for a consideration, but this second attempt on the life of Rasputin also proved unsuccessful.

And then he came to America, bringing with him his version of contemporary Russian history. Many American readers will recall the flamboyant announcement made by a radical magazine, a couple of years ago, of forthcoming sensational revelations concerning Rasputin and the Russian court. They will also recall that these revelations were never made. Sergei Michailovich Trufanoff—Iliodor—now reveals why they were withheld. He had been working with a representative of the magazine for three months when he was approached by the Russian foreign office with an offer of \$25,000 to withdraw the book. They gave him \$1,000 as earnest of good faith, but never paid him another cent, and they did secure the suppression of the article. Then the Russian foreign office appealed to the British foreign office for aid in punishing the traitorous Iliodor, which aid the British foreign office willingly gave. That is, it gave it until convinced that Rasputin was working for a separate German peace, whereupon Iliodor's MS. was given a careful reading and the present book is the result.

Too much is being written about Russia nowadays for all of it to be true. It is safe to say that each book on Russia is a mixture of truth and fiction. Iliodor's is no exception, notwithstanding the very reputable publishers' guaranty that they have "taken the greatest pains to corroborate the very complicated evidence in Iliodor's astonishing story," and Iliodor's tabulated list of original documents substantiating his statements, of which he includes many facsimile reproductions. There are glaring contradictions and Iliodor from beginning to end shows himself easily persuaded by money and position. However, he can be pardoned so human a trait for his naïf statement in his "Foreword":—"Naturally enough it may happen that I tell you more good than evil about myself. Do not, however, impute this to me as a sin. Be certain that all the evil about myself which I withhold will be exposed by my 'friends.'" Perhaps not—Rasputin is dead and Russia is far away. Those of his readers who are inclined to take his statements at their face value will be interested in his prophecy—he shares with Rasputin the gift of prophecy although in a lesser degree—of the end of the war, date not specified; Russia again in the fray; Germany's temporary victory in Italy turned to her destruction; Austria divided and Galicia awarded to Russia; full political autonomy given to all nationalities, and the United States taking the most important part in the final issue. And when peace is restored to Russia, Sergei Michailovich Trufanoff, Iliodor, will go back.

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Grace LaRue, recently co-star with Raymond Hitchcock in "Hitchy-Koo," will lead the Orpheum bill next week. Other numbers will be Paul Morton and Naomi Glass in a singing and talking skit "1918-1950." Mabel and Dora Ford in "The Ford Revue of 1918;" a new act called "The Two Batchelors of Art;" Marion Harris, formerly of Ziegfeld's Follies, will sing and dance; Moran and Mack in a negro impersonation; Carl Rosini, who converses with audiences and mystifies them with his tricks; and the Orpheum Travel Weekly.

Next week's bill at the Columbia will be lead by a musical comedy, "Oh Girlie," featuring Lexey and O'Connor. The programme will also include Anita Diaz Monks; Cervo, accordionist; Stanley and Graham, "two noble nuts;" Fred and Mae Waddell in odds and ends of vaudeville; Robert and Robert presenting "A true Friend;" Stone and Manning, eccentric singers and dancers; King and Brown, two men and a pair of legs; Joe and Vera White in a nonsensical melange; and the Universal Current Events.

"Little Miss Up To Date," a speedy girl revue, will be the big number on next week's programme at the Grand Opera House. Other attractions will be an original singing and dancing skit by Ray and Emma Dean; Charles and Madeline Dunbar in a comedy novelty called "Animalfunology;" "Pastimes on the Three Cross Ranch," introducing fancy rope spinning and knot tying; Marshall and Covert, Darktown's Dancing Masters; Paul Kleist and company in "The Land of Dreams;" Bert Draper, jazz artist; the Universal Weekly and comedy pictures.

String Orchestra Recital

The Young People's String Orchestra, under the direction of Victor Lichtenstein, assisted by the St. Louis Ladies' Choral, conducted by Mrs. Lichtenstein, will give their seventeenth annual concert next Sunday afternoon at three o'clock at Musical Art Hall. The orchestra is composed of sixty-five members, young men and women, all of whom play creditably. The programme will be made up of twelve numbers from the works of both the old masters and the more modern composers, including, Handel, Haydn, Chopin, Massenet, Grainger and Mrs. H. H. A. Beach. A small charge will be made and the net proceeds will be donated to the Red Cross.

Red Cross

Two events, one musical and the other dramatic, are announced by pupils of two St. Louis schools for the benefit of the Red Cross, the entire proceeds in each case to be donated to that organization.

On Friday evening, May 31, a competent cast of High School alumni will present Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," at Central High auditorium. The production will be under the direct supervision of Mr. Clarence Stratton and will be sponsored by Dr. John Lowes, Dr. Otto Heller, Miss Amelia Fruchte, Mrs. Lon Hoeker and many others socially and educationally prominent.

On the evening of June 4, a piano and song recital will be given at the Victoria theatre by students of St. Joseph's academy. Dr. Emmett Kane will speak on "America's Part in the War," and a short address will also be made by Mr. L. C. Murdock, executive secretary of the St. Louis chapter of the Red Cross.

Marts and Money

Wall street was filled with a fine frenzy of delirious optimism in the last few days. Wonderful predictions were afloat as to the future of numerous industrial and mining stocks. Oracles advised their "clientele" to take on a line of this, that, or the other active stock, and to buy more on every little "dip." Then, with a confidential tap on the "client's" shoulder: "This movement will be kept up for quite a while. There's easily fifteen or twenty points more in it for the man who sticks and has the money. Look at that Baldwin common; could be bought at 79 recently; just sold at 101½. Member what I told you? Some market, old scout—some market. Get in right now. They are discounting Germany's defeat and peace negotiations before the year is out." Talk along similar lines could be heard in almost all brokerage offices. That it was effective could clearly be perceived in the rising totals of daily transactions. One record was close to 2,000,000 shares. Baldwin Locomotive was the most conspicuous sensation for a day or two. The advance from 85 to 101½ was partly stimulated by gossip about a resumption of dividend payments in the next few days. There could be no doubt that the principal buying power came from depressionistic quarters. Occasionally the jumps between sales amounted to one or two points. It was a bedlam performance, sure enough. The action of Steel common was fairly decorous throughout. There was nothing hectic about the rise from 109½ to 113 in the quotation for a stock that draws \$17 per annum. The more or less interesting "bulges" in the values of other steel and equipment issues were chiefly of a sympathetic character. They covered five to ten points. Subsequently the ardent enthusiasm was somewhat chilled by reports from Washington that the government may decide to take over all important steel plants in order to monopolize production to the greatest extent possible. There were hints also that leading bankers had informed the stock exchange authorities that they would not permit of a continuation of spectacular performances, that the state of the money market called for conservative policies, and that unalloyed optimism was not yet warranted in regard to the military position in France. The immediate results of the counsels of prudence were declines varying from four to ten points in the prices of the most mobile industrials, Baldwin relapsing to 91½. With a view, obviously, to preventing a sharp *dérouté* in the whole market and to facilitating liquidation on the part of belated cliques, the controlling potentates promptly started a ten-point rise in Mercantile Marine preferred, the top mark being 104¾. In explanation of the event it was stated that the British tonnage of the company would be sold on very advantageous terms to the London government. The ruling price of the preferred stock is about two points under the best level attained in 1917. Attempts to force an extensive upward movement also in the price of Atlantic, Gulf & West Indies common have thus far been quite ineffectual. The stock is rated at 111 at



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COMMERCIAL PAPER

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enormous war demands may lead to exhaustion in five or six years. The Braden output last year was a little over 41,000,000 pounds, which was sold at an average price of 31.80 cents a pound, or more than 4 3/4 cents higher than the price received by the Kennecott. This difference, it is said, was more than offset by excessive cost of operation and the depreciation of the American dollar in terms of Chilean currency. Respecting this particular matter the Kennecott's yearly report informs us that the American dollar in 1917 purchased only 4.02 pesos, compared with 5.41 in 1916, and 6.15 in 1915. The effect of the higher exchange rate was a rise in wages of 35 per cent in 1917. As concerns supplies from the United States, the Braden Co. suffers "in line with the home markets, and, in addition, by the war freights in shipping goods to Chili and copper to the United States. This also affects prices of products of the country, which are kept up in sympathy with the increased prices at home. Then, too, even on the basis of unaltered prices in Chilean currency, the exchange difference taxes us to the same extent as it does Chilean wages. For our earnings are entirely from copper sold for United States gold, which has to buy Chilean pesos to pay for Chilean products." With regard to Kennecott's holdings of Utah Copper, we are told that the total now is 616,504 shares, last year's additional acquisitions aggregating 182,000 shares. The investment is carried on the books at \$51,994,080, and returns \$6,165,040 at the current annual dividend rate of \$10. In 1917 holders of Utah received \$14. While the Kennecott may not be compelled to reduce its dividend rate, such action is more than a mere possibility so long as Washington does not see fit to raise the metal's price to 25 cents a pound, and it is close consideration of this point that accounts sufficiently for the futility of recent endeavors to bring about material betterment in the company's stock. Since the closing days of April the price of American Sugar refining common has advanced ten points. The improvement was anticipative of the declaration of the regular quarterly \$1.75 and of four quarterly extra dividends of 75 cents each. Being in a state of exultation and seeing everything *couleur de rose*, Wall street at once asserted that Sugar common must from now on be regarded as a straight 10 per cent stock and worth a lot more than 113 1/2, the prevailing figure. That the company is sufficiently prosperous to continue paying \$10 indefinitely is beyond question, and so it would not be surprising if the quoted value of the common were to be advanced to 125 in the next two or three months. The floating supply of the shares is not large; indeed it has not been for many years. This accounts for the unwillingness and inability of the wrecking crews to pull down the quotation in serious ways. It is exceedingly difficult and expensive to try cancelling short commitments in a particular stock when the great bulk of it is stuck away in safe deposit boxes. Time was, between 1892 and 1900, when the ups and downs in the value of Sugar common frequently comprised twenty to forty points in less than two hours. Frenzied Finance Lawson and "Jim"

Keene were the principal jugglers in those days, under the direction of former President Havemeyer. There were no striking occurrences, lately, in the values of first-class railroad stocks. The demand was largely confined to inferior issues, Chicago, M. & St. Paul common and New Haven & Hartford in particular. The gain in the price of the last-named amounted to almost ten points. Quotations for representative corporation bonds exhibit notable firmness. It is averred in informed circles that the inquiry for this sort of securities has steadily grown for some months. The prices of liberty bonds still move in irregular fashion. The first 4s were down to 95.16 a few days since; the second 4s to 94.90, and the 4 1/4s to 97.74. There's good ground for the belief that far-sighted capitalistic investors are heavy purchasers of these premier securities of the world during recurrent spells of depression.

Finance in St. Louis

There is not much to be said concerning the local market for securities. Business still is on a narrow scale and moves in antique grooves, with quotations at or around previous levels. Real initiative cannot be discovered in any important quarter. This seems all the more puzzling in view of the sensational uplift in numerous Wall street issues. New York usually sets the pace for the whole country. National Candy common remains at 41.50 to 42. One hundred and forty shares were marketed lately. Five Brown Shoe preferred brought 96, eleven Fly-Walker D. G. second preferred 83, and one hundred and fifteen United Railways preferred 18. The inquiry for United Railways 4s showed considerable shrinkage, the sum total disposed of being \$7,000. The price in effect is 51; this compares with a maximum of 66.50 in 1917. There was a transfer of thirty International Shoe preferred at 107, which indicates a decline of a little over five points when contrasted with last year's top notch. The losses in local representative values must be considered remarkably inconsequential when full thought is bestowed upon the extensive declines in so many high-grade issues dealt in on the Wall street exchange. They plainly imply that desirable St. Louis securities are firmly held and pretty well distributed.

Latest Quotations

	Bid.	Asked.
Nat. Bank of Commerce	113	114
State National Bank	190	190
Mercantile Trust	347	347
Mortgage Trust	135	135
United Railways com.	4	4
do pfd.	18 1/2	19
do 4s	50 3/4	51 1/4
Kinloch Telephone 6s.	100	100
do L.-D. Tel. stock	140	140
Certain-teed com.	40	40
St. L. Cotton Compress	37	40
Brown Shoe com.	63 1/2	63 1/2
do pfd.	95 1/2	95 1/2
Hyd. Press Brick com.	1	1
Consolidate Coal	82	82
National Candy com.	42	43

Answers to Inquiries

QUESTION, St. Louis.—Southern Pacific is an investment stock of high merits. It's not too high at the current price of 85, which means a net yield of a little more than 7 per cent. The 6 per cent dividend is not the least in danger,

being earned twice over. Thus far in 1918 the quotation has moved between 80½ and 88¾. Another selling movement in the general market would probably lower it to about 81. The low point in 1917 was 75¾. Railroad stocks of substantial value should be picked up at the right moments by people desiring a safe income and willing to await the material increment in prices that must eventually be witnessed. They cannot be expected to sell on as high investment bases as industrial or mining issues, which are more or less speculative. In 1915 United States Steel common received no dividends and was down to 38. In the same year Southern Pacific fluctuated between 81½ and 104½, and paid 6 per cent.

DOCTOR, Kirkwood, Mo.—(1) You need not hesitate about putting your money in Bethlehem Steel Co. two-year secured 5 per cent gold notes, due February 15, 1919. They net 7.25 at the current price of 98½, and the danger of marked depreciation is very slight. Short-term issues of this kind are regarded as particularly desirable at this time. (2) Hold your Missouri Pacific certificate. The stock is undervalued at 23¼. In case of another decline to 20, increase your holdings.

J. U. W., Detroit, Mich.—(1) In view of the more friendly feeling among the public towards public service corporations, Peoples' Gas stock of Chicago must be regarded as an interesting speculation for a long pull. There is no probability, however, of an early resumption of dividends. Patient purchasers may be able to gather forty points in less than two years. (2) Buy another certificate of Pittsburgh Coal common in case of a drop to 48.

H. E. M., Galesburg, Ill.—Chile Copper is fairly valued at the present price of 16½, which compares with an absolute maximum of 39¼ in 1916. The stock represents a highly promising property in Chile, comprising about 6,300 acres, with a visible tonnage of 354,700,000. Positive and probable ore is estimated at 700,000,000 tons. No dividend has yet been paid. For nine months ended September 30, 1917, net profits after all charges were \$6,528,161. You would be justified in holding your stock for dividends and large speculative profits in the next three years.

CONSTANT READER, Orange, N. J.—There are no prospects of an early recovery to 105 in the price of New York Central. Neither is there likelihood of an increase in the dividend from 5 to 6 per cent. The present quotation of 75 shows an advance of \$11.50 over the low point of December 20 last. Given a continuance of helpful market conditions, the price might go ten or twelve points higher. While N. Y. C. is a good stock, it's handicapped by the low dividend rate and the discount, ranging from one to five points, at which liberty bonds are quoted. The latter fact influences the market for all private securities.

INTERESTED, Jamestown, N. D.—Unless you are playing for turns, you should stick to your American Can certificate. It is not only possible, but probable that dividends may be initiated in less than twelve months. The 1917 surplus was \$5,309,674 after charges, taxes, depreciation, and preferred dividends. The percentage earned on the common is ap-

proximately 14 per cent. The present quotation is 49. The stock sold at 68½ both in 1916 and 1915.

♦♦♦

As It Will Be in 1925

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will toast with mine;
For all the land is dry as dust,
And we can't ask for wine.
Don't leave a kiss within the cup—
A kiss intoxicates.
Inebriation is a crime
In these United States.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And don't use them too much,
Or you would make me drunk with bliss,
And I would know the clutch
Of legal hands upon my sleeve
And languish in a cell,
Because I drank your loving glance
Not wisely but too well.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And do that on the sly,
Lest those who guard our morals note
You have a liquid eye.
Let not your smile be one to make
My spirit rise at all,
For those who make the laws might
think
That spirit Alcohol!

—Berton Braley, in *Life*.

♦♦♦

First Broker—What do you generally give your waiter?

Second Ditto—Oh, if he serves me well I give him a tip of a quarter; if badly I give him a tip on stocks.—*Boston Transcript*.

♦♦♦

Titles

The day after New Year's Rastus didn't show up for work until quite late. His boss asked why. "Well, you see, boss, I was taken into de lodge last night." "What reason is that that you should be late this morning?" "Well, you see, boss, I was elected to a office and I'se busy this morning." "Elected to an office the night you were taken into the order?" "Yas, sir; I was appointed the grand exalted ruler ob de universe." "That's a pretty high office for a new man, isn't it?" "No, sir. Grand exalted ruler ob de universe is de bery lowest office what dey is in dis lodge."

♦♦♦

"Our child is backward. Four years old and takes no interest in Shakespeare." "That does not necessarily indicate that the child is backward. He may believe that Bacon wrote the plays."—*Kansas City Journal*.

♦♦♦

Ten-Shun

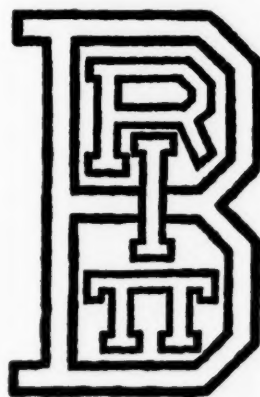
Lincoln's first experience in drilling was with his company in the Black Hawk war. "I could not for the life of me," said he, "remember the proper word of command for getting my company end-wise, so that it could get through the gate, so I shouted: 'This company is dismissed for two minutes, when it will fall in again on the other side of the gate.'"

♦♦♦

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Marvelous
WILL-DEONZOS—Geraldine
Sensational Bottle Jumpers

The Original Nut
SID LEWIS
"Let Him Rave"

Seats on sale at Kieselhorst Piano Co. Admission Ten Cents after 6 P. M. Daily. Admission Free up to 6 P. M. Except Sundays.

NORA KELLY
The Dublin Girl
Assisted at the Piano by
NAT GOLDSTEIN

FRED ALLEN
"Trying to Get Along"
OLLIE YOUNG & APRIL
"Ten Minutes in Toyland"

ORPHEUM THEATER

9th at St. Charles.

2:15—TWICE DAILY—8:15

"THE FOUR HUSBANDS"
BELLE BAKER

MME. BLANCHE SKRAINKA

KELLY & GALVIN

PORTER J. WHITE

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"Where Everybody Goes"

15c COLUMBIA 25c

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Musical Comedy

11 A. M. Continuing to 11 P. M.

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ON MARKET STREET
Between Broadway and Sixth

The Theatre of Liberal Policy
TEN STANDARD ACTS OF THE
BIGGEST AND BEST
ADVANCE VAUDEVILLE

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All advertising should approach personal salesmanship as nearly as possible.

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These are the vital elements of good advertising which we offer you.

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Syndicate Trust Building

Where a New Ulysses Might Meet Another Nausicaa

(ODYSSEY, BOOK VI)

 EXT to serving ambrosia and nectar to the gods on Mount Olympus give me a summer job in Anderson's laundry," a college girl said with conviction, when the subject of summer occupation for students was under discussion.

"Why?" someone wanted to know. "I thought laundry work was the worst kind of work for girls—the most disagreeable and almost the most detrimental to health."

"It used to be, before J. Arthur Anderson got in the game. Now they have all had to reform. It makes a difference when one man announces that he is 'slow and careful' and then breaks all the speed rules for progress."

There are almost two hundred girls at work in that amazingly modern establishment on Olive street, and they are the happiest, healthiest lot of girls you ever saw. A tour of the laundry—from the room where the soiled linen is being unpacked, sorted and classified, to the corner of the great second floor room where the scratch is being extracted from the edge of your collar by a series of clever little machines that were made in St. Louis—will convince anyone that the feminist age is ushering in the millennium, at least so far as working conditions for women are concerned.

All the heavy work is done by men, and with the single exception of sorting and marking soiled clothes, all the disagreeable work is done by men. It is their task to prepare the hot suds, to pack the great brass cylinders in which the grime of the city is to be extracted, to transfer the clothes to the wringers after they have been rinsed and blued, and to take them out of the wringers—which do not wring at all, but merely throw out the water by centrifugal force—and place them in huge baskets to be sent to the mangles, the starchers or the hand ironers. Then the girls get busy. It is all expert work, and the cleverest and best-paid girls are the ones who train the novice as she proceeds from the simplest to the most exacting task.

Do you know why your napkins are folded so that there is no crooked edge, but the perfect square that used to be obtained only by the best home laundress? It is because the girls are taught how to adjust the wet linen as it enters the mangle. Do you know why a stiff collar goes to the soiled linen bag twenty times whereas it used to be fit only for the rag bag after the fourth washing? It is because J. Arthur Anderson worked out a scheme for starching and turning collars which would prevent them from cracking in the process of ironing, and invented four remarkable little machines for doing the work. But the machine is not all of it, for the girls must be trained to manipulate it, just as the girls must finish the work of the mangles, to the end that there shall be no crooked edges and

pulled-out corners to the towels and tablecloths. Every piece of linen experiences the touch of human hands, after the most marvelous of machinery has done all that machinery can do.

Do you know why the delicate colors in the correct summer negligee shirts persist instead of fading out to a dirty white after two or three washings? The girls have nothing to do with this. It is a matter of soap and scrubbing. The chemist discovered that the soap with an affinity for lavender would have nothing to do with blue, so lavender shirts and blue shirts are washed in separate cylinders, with radically different kinds of soap. It was not the chemist but the practical laundryman who discovered that 70 per cent of the "soil" in a shirt is in the cuffs. Now the cuffs are soaked and scrubbed before washing, so that the shirt remains in the cylinder 30 per cent of the time it formerly had to remain there in order to wash the cuffs clean.

All the starching is virtually done by hand, in spite of the fact that machines do the actual work, and the same is true of the ironing. There is a machine for every separate step of the process, but there is a girl to operate that machine, and she is trained to a degree of skill and swiftness that is almost unbelievable. But for the bright eyes and animated faces above those dextrous hands, you might almost believe the girls were part of the mechanism they operate. Would you like to know why all the Anderson girls smile as you inspect their work? It is because they are so healthy and have such a good time. There is no smell of hot suds and sweaty clothes in the rooms where they work. All the characteristic laundry odors are carried out by the most modern of ventilating systems. All summer long the ironing-room is deluged with billows of cooled and washed air, the kind of draught that never gives the workers a cold because it has been forced through water, and the kind of draught that blows the flies and mosquitoes out of the room.

All the girls are in uniform, the one-piece garment that is at once the most modest and the most comfortable. There are no sick girls, because the physician comes once a week to look them over and the trained nurse is always in attendance to look after those who need emergency treatment. There are only two ironclad rules in force. The girls must keep clean and they must be treated if they are not physically sound. All else is optional. They do not have to learn to swim in the sumptuous pool which Mr. Anderson has provided in the basement of the building, although seventy-two of them did acquire that valuable art last summer. And they do not have to look pleasant when visitors go through the plant—but none of them can help it!